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Editor
JACK ROLLIN
Editorial & Advertisement Director ROBERT J. BOLLE

WORLD SOCCER is published monthly by Echo Publications (London) Ltd., 1 Ludgate Circus Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Carlton Press, The Broadway, Chesham, Bucks.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS will be gladly received for consideration, providing such items (articles or photographs) are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility will be accepted for the return of manuscripts or photographs if this condition is not observed. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or injury during transit.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES are as follows: One Year £1-8-0 (U.S.A. and Canada 5 dollars); two years £2-10-0 (U.S.A. and Canada 9 dollars).

OVERSEAS CIRCULATION: Agents in all countries are urgently needed to help develop the circulation of WORLD SOCCER. Distributing organisations and individual circulation specialist interested in handling WORLD SOCCER at very favourable terms should contact The Circulation Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 1 Ludgate Circus Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, England.

ADVERTISING: Rate Card and details supplied on application to Advertisement Director.

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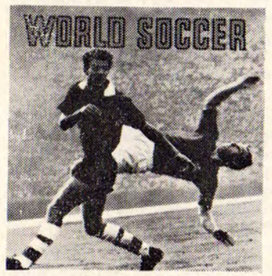

This month's front cover . . .

Acrobatics during the German championship showing Rohrig (FC Koln) chasing the ball while opponent Uwe Seeler performs a delicate ballet movement. His club won the match 3-2, so presumably the fall was well worth it. (Planet.)

what to look for in next month's edition

In the November edition of WORLD SOCCER our new service of bringing to your attention full League tables, results and line-ups of international matches at club and national level will continue together with articles, pictures and comment on the latest soccer happenings all over the world. The WORLD SOCCER team of experts including Gordon Jeffery, Brian Glanville, Eric Batty, Roger MacDonald, Leslie Page, John Stone, etc., will be contributing their own varied views and styles thus making valid the claim that WORLD SOCCER is the truly international soccer magazine. Order your copy now to avoid disappointment.

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A FEAST OF RARE SCANDINAVIAN SELECTABILITY!

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Aug. 14: Sweden 0, Norway 0
,, 14: Sweden 0, Finland 0

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

READERS who delight in playing at being selectors (and that must surely be just about all of us!) would have had a real feast of selectability had they been in Sweden in early August when, as the season was resumed after the peak summer break, the national selectors were due to field "A", "B" and "Under-23" teams against both Norway and Finland on the same day! The consequence of this wealth of fixtures was that a total of ninety players were required to make up the six teams and four reserves to each team! And that ignores the fielding of a couple of Youth teams in addition!

The practice of playing "A", "B" and "Under-23" matches—or, at least, two of the three—at around the same period is fairly common in most of Continental Europe and is, I think, in every way a better arrangement than the British one wherein, save for the time when they have coincident summer tours of both the Full and the Under-23 squads, there is a doubling-up of players between the two teams. This does mean that England and Scotland can usually field their *best* Under-23 players if they chose (and so, with their Full team not engaged at the same time, can their opponents) but the greater value seems to me to be with relegating the importance of the younger players' match and with widening the field of selection because more team-places would be vacant for untried players.

The importance of these matches should be as training both in play and experience of tomorrow's most likely Full International players. It is a mistake to vest them with too much national prestige in their own account: just as it was, I think, a mistake to stage one of last season's England Under-23 matches at Old Trafford. The attendance was, of course, much less than such a match deserved but it *looked* poorer than in fact it was because Old Trafford is a large ground. Probably not much smaller a crowd would have attended had the match been staged on any one of several smaller Lancashire club grounds.

What is really missing, of course, in the British set-up is "B" team fixtures. The reason is, partly at any rate, the perpetual difficulty of fitting in fixtures during the crowded League, League Cup and F.A. Cup season. We have heard about this for years, of course—we heard about it, for instance, in the years *before* there was a League Cup competition—and that the same people who said that more International fixtures just could not be fitted into the season's programme were able to introduce a new competition taking up several more match-days, has served only to confirm my own view that there was never any real difficulty. There could, and there should, be room for a coincident programme of "A", "B" and "Under-23" matches. Instead we have the continuance of the Inter-League matches that seem to be neither one thing or the other these days.

But back to Sweden's ninety players—six teams and twenty-four reserves! I get some delight very often from knocking at soccer "theories"—not because, I hope, I am more given to destructive than constructive thinking but because I believe in the creativeness, the imaginativeness, of soccer, and because, after all has been said and planned and written, it is what happens in ninety minutes of play that counts! And because, I suppose, it does annoy me when I hear people making sweeping generalisations that are miles away from being accurate in fact (in opinion, of course, we can all be genuinely miles apart).

There used, for example, to be a lot of hot air breathed around about our players playing too much football. Someone had perhaps seen the final League table in Sao Paulo and totted-up that Santos played only a couple of dozen League matches to our First Division clubs' forty-two! Since then I think most commentators have cottoned on to the fact that the crack Brazilian clubs never *stop* playing, and the tale about playing too much has been less heard!

Interested

The "theory" that interested me looking at the Swedish selections was the one about a concentration of players from a single club — "more common with Continental countries than with England" I read only this week. If there appears nothing between two inside-rights, for an example, and the outside-right selected is the club-mate of one of the two then it seems clearly preferable to make that greater familiarity the deciding factor but, if we are considering players of International quality, I shall never accept that an inferior player should be preferred to a better one for that reason.

It did seem feasible, however, that faced with the prospect of picking six teams the Swedish selectors would show a weakness for the ready-made club formations but, in fact, this is how the selections broke down over the clubs.

"A" team with Norway at Goteborg: Team from eight clubs (and from a ninth club for one of the reserves).

"A" team with Finland at Solna: Team from eight clubs (and two more clubs to include the reserves).

Dutch players Pummy Bergholtz, Jan Klaassens and Coen Moulijn in training prior to the match against Luxembourg. The ground of the Dutch Royal Football Association at Zeist was chosen for this get-together. (P.A.I.)

"B" team with Norway at Kristiansund: Team from nine clubs (and a tenth club to include the reserves).

"B" team with Finland at Helsinfors: Team from five clubs (with a sixth club to include the reserves).

"U-23" with Norway at Notodden: Team from six clubs (and two more clubs to include the reserves).

"U-23" with Finland at Turku: Team from eight clubs (with three more clubs to include the reserves).

The ninety players came from twenty-two different clubs with Norrkoping much the most represented with eleven players selected and one reserve. Orgryte, AIK and Malmo FF each had six players selected and the first two provided two reserves and the latter one. Djurgarden had five players "in" and two reserves.

Important

The largest concentration of players from a single club was in the team selected for the Under-23s against Norway for which Norrkoping provided five players. Norrkoping also provided four players for the "A" team against Finland—the rest came from seven separate clubs. For the more important of the "A" matches, against Norway, Norrkoping, Orgryte and Goteborg each provided a couple of players and Djurgarden, FF Malmo, Atvidaberg, Degerfors and AIK one apiece. And their opponents Norway for good measure picked their eleven from nine different clubs—and went to a tenth club for one of their four reserves.

In the event there were two late changes in the Norwegian team when the Rosenborg back, Nils A. Eggen, came in on the left flank for his first "cap" in place of the injured Steinkjer full back, Edgar Stakseth, and Oddvar Richardsen appeared at inside-left for Olav Nilsen. These were the only changes from the Norwegian side who had done so well to beat Scotland early in June and then slipped back a little when losing, admittedly in Helsinki, to the Finns later the same month. Sweden had one "new cap" for the team against Norway in the Degerfors centre-forward, Lars Heineman who, as I mentioned in last month's European Commentary, shared top place in the League goal-scorers list in Sweden at the end of their first half of the season's matches. Heineman, however, was not picked for centre-forward but for inside-right. At centre-forward—and, probably, the main attraction amongst the players—was Agne Simonsson.

Five years ago, in the 1958 World Cup competition, this fine, smooth moving player had sky-rocketted to soccer stardom as his country reached the final of the competition and as he held his own in the company of veteran Swedish players like the almost legendary Gunnar Gren and their re-imported stars from Italian football like Hamrin, Liedholm and Skoglund. His skill had attracted the shrewd talent-spotters of Real Madrid (who possibly had feared that Di Stefano might have gone over the top long before this!) but the young Swede has been no more at home with Real than Didi. Now he had returned to Sweden. He turned out for his return match for Orgryte in their Rappan Cup match against Pirmassens, the West German club, and scored three of Orgryte's goals in their four-one victory to make his already likely selection for the forthcoming International a certainty.

Sweden, with their second leg European Nations Cup match against Yugoslavia in the offing, did need a goal-scorer. Their playing record this year was good—with a home win over Hungary and an away one against the Soviet Union (both matches played in May), and a draw against the Yugoslavs in Belgrade in June; but they had only mustered a total of three goals in the three matches. Norway, who had conceded five goals to the Poles in May and three to Scotland and two to Finland in June, seemed due to surrender several more to a forward line of Bengt Berndtsson, Lars Heineman, Agne Simonsson, Yngve Brodd and Lennart Backman. No doubt the thirty-

● *Continued overleaf*

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Tatabanya	4	4
Szeged	4	4
Vasas	4	2
Honved	4	2
Pecs	4	2
Diosgyoer	4	0
Debrecem	4	0

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	Pld.	Pts.
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Grasshoppers	2	4
Lausanne	2	2
Bienne	2	2
Granges	2	2
Young Boys	2	2
Lucerne	2	2
Zurich	2	2
Servette	2	2
Chiasso	2	2
Sion	2	2
Cantonal	2	2
Chaux-de-Fonds	2	0
Schaffouse	2	0

YUGOSLAVIA

	Pld.	Pts.
Zagreb	3	5
Vojvod	3	4
OFK Belgrade	3	4
Radnicki	3	4
Rot. St.	3	4
Partisan	4	4
Skoplje	4	4
Split	3	3
Sarajewo	3	3
Novisad	3	3
Tresn.	3	2
Mostar	3	2
Eisenbahner	3	1
Rijeka	3	1

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

	Pld.	Pts.
Dukla	4	6
Trentsch.	4	6
Slovan	4	6
Ostrau	4	6
CKD	4	5
Brunn	4	4
Koniggratz	4	4
Preschow	4	4
Sokolovo	4	4
Kaschau	4	3
Slovnaft	4	3
Kladno	4	2
Trinec	4	2
Motorlet	4	1

OLYMPIC GAMES PRELIMINARIES
Finland 0 Russia 4.

TOURNAMENT OF MALAGA
Malaga 4 Monaco 0; Real Madrid 4 Blackpool 1.

MISCELLANEOUS FRIENDLIES
Russian Olympic team 9 Japan Olympic team 0.
Sao Paulo 2 Real Madrid 1 (Caracas).
Real Madrid 2 Porto 0 (Caracas).
Vardar Skoplje 2 Partizan Belgrade 2 (Skoplje Charity match).
AS Roma 2 Atletico Bilbao 1.
Pakhtakor 0 Japan Olympic team 1 (in Russia).
Angers 2 Reims 3.
Lyon 1 St. Etienne 1.
Servette 2 Grenoble 1.
Vasas 2 Standard Liege 0.
Lausanne 4 Barcelona 0.
Sporting Lisbon 2 Fulham 2.
Feijenoord 2 Zaragosa 1.
Atletico Bilbao 4 Fulham 3.

OTHER MATCHES
East German U. 23 0 Hungary Olympic team 1.

WEST GERMAN CUP FINAL
SV Hamburg 3 Borussia Dortmund 0.

RUSSIAN CUP FINAL
Moscow Spartak 2 Chaktior Donietsk 1.

SOUTH AMERICAN CUP
Penarol 0 Boca Juniors 1; Santos 4 Botafogo 0; Boca Juniors 2 Penarol 1.

MERDEKA TOURNAMENT
(Kuala Lumpur)
Japan 4 Malaya 3; South Korea 1 British Army 0; Formosa 1 Vietnam 1; Japan 4 Thailand 0; Formosa 2 British Army 0; South Korea 5 Thailand 1; Vietnam 5 Malaya 0; Japan 5 Vietnam 1; Formosa 3 Malaya 2; British Army 4 Thailand 0; Japan 1 South Korea 1; South Korea 3 Vietnam 1; Malaya 2 Tailand 2; Vietnam 3 British Army 1; Formosa 2 Japan 0; Malaya 3 British Army 1; Vietnam 3 Thailand 2; Japan 6 British Army 1; Formosa 1 South Korea 0. Tournament winners: Formosa.

CASABLANCA TOURNAMENT
Final: Partizan Belgrade 4 Zaragosa 2. Match for third place: Royal Moroccian Army 4 Monaco 3.

RAPPAN CUP
(See Gordon Jeffery's article Page 13)
Standard 1 Fiorentina 1.

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM
by GORDON JEFFERY

● *Continued from previous page*

two thousand spectators at Goteborg expected to see goals a-plenty. Instead they watched a goalless draw.

Meanwhile over in Stockholm at the Rasunda Stadium a much smaller crowd (slightly below eight thousand) were watching Sweden's "other" Full International eleven play Finland. Sweden had an untried half-back line for this match in Lars-Erik Ahlberg, Hakan Hoglander and Bjorn Nordqvist, but an experienced forward line consisting of Tom Turesson, Harry Bild, Orjan Martinsson, Ove Ohlsson and Orjan Persson. But the Stockholm spectators were no more fortunate than their compatriots at Goteborg and this match against Finland was, like that against Norway, goalless. It was, incidentally, interesting to note that the referee for the match was the Icelander, Hannes Sigurdsson.

Sweden's goalless match in June against Yugoslavia in Belgrade was poor from a football standpoint but, in its Nations Cup context, a success for Sweden in that it enables them to start the home second leg without having to pull back a deficit that is so often the lot of club and country in second legs, and with no need of frustration at being faced with an opposition bent only upon hanging on to an advantage. The goalless matches against Norway and Finland, even allowing for some dissipation of Sweden's forces over the two elevens, are failures by comparison and, particularly as it now seems likely that Yugoslavia will have the services of Sekularac (restored to favour after his indefinite suspension), I incline more than ever to the view I have already expressed that Sweden will have difficulty in overcoming the Yugoslavs despite their home advantage.

Oddly, whilst the "A" teams were goal-shy, the "B" teams of Sweden were amongst the goals—against Norway "B" they won by five goals to nil and against Finland "B" they drew three-all. Both matches were played "away". The "Under-23s" (also away) were also unbeaten but in their cases, it was against Finland that they won and against Norway that they drew. There were also played—to complete a mammoth show of Swedish talent—a couple of Youth Internationals against Finland and Norway, and again these resulted in a draw and a win for the Swedes. Full results of the eight matches were:

Sweden A—Norway A	0-0
Sweden A—Finland A	0-0
Norway B—Sweden B	0-5
Finland B—Sweden B	3-3
Norway U—Sweden U	2-2
Finland U—Sweden U	0-2
Sweden Y—Norway Y	6-2
Sweden Y—Finland Y	3-3

Overall, therefore, Sweden's teams won three matches and drew five of the eight played.

Ex-Celtic, Northampton Town and Hamilton Steelers wing-half John Kurila is now with the English Third Division club Bristol City after a career which has taken him from Scotland to Canada to England and now almost to Wales. (C.2.)

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AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

YOUTH TEAM FORCED OUT

RUMANIA

EIGHTEEN months ago the Rumanians established their successful UEFA Youth XI as a First Division club—a move many other countries would have liked to copy. Known as Vitoriul-Bucharest the new club was an instant success, and in league games beat many of the old established clubs—perhaps too many. Terrific pressure was built up by the clubs who provided the youngsters for the UEFA series in 1962 who have demanded the return of their young stars. The F.A. gave way, Vitoriul packs up and a move that many international critics were following with interest dies. Yet another unpronounceable team joins the national First Division—Siderurgistul Galati, who very nearly took the F.A. Cup and promotion "double". Galati were decisively beaten in the Cup final, however, 6-1 by Petrolul Ploesti.

BULGARIA

FOR an entire decade the Sofia Army Club CDNA have dominated Bulgarian football but with their eclipse the title has left the capital for the first time in twenty-five years. The spotlight now switches to Blovdiv where Spartak already hold the league championship and Botev runners-up in the league and already Cup holders from last year are favoured to retain the Cup, and complete a Plovdiv "double". The other semi-finalists are all from Sofia, however — Lokomotive, Slavia and Levski.

Botev Plovdiv are another Army team, with a new goalkeeping star Ivan Naidenov, who took over in the national team when Georgi Naidenov (CDNA) was suspended early in the year. With Naidenov II established in goal, and even Ivan Kolev out of form and being given the bird by the fans the F.A. are being pressed to drop CDNA and make the national team a Botev/Spartak Plovdiv combination.

Bulgaria's first real success in the international arena fell to Lokomotive Sofia, winners of the first Coupe d'Europe for railway workers! The Lokomotive teams from Moscow and Sofia play in their respective First Divisions, while the other countries fielded teams of amateurs. Not unnaturally, these two reached the final —Lok. Sofia winning on aggregate 3-0 and 0-1.

WEST GERMANY

HAMBURG SV and Uwe Seeler silenced their critics by reaching the Cup Final and beating the new champions Borussia Dortmund 3-0 (a Seeler hat-trick). This was Hamburg's first success in the series which was begun back in 1935—1st FC Nurnberg are the traditional Cup-fighters with three successes.

The expected scramble for players of "Bundesliga" class brought many exiles back to German football, among them Waldner (Spal) and Geiger (Mantova) now with VfB Stuttgart, and Rahn (Enschede) with Meidericher SV. One of the biggest struggles developed for young international goalkeeping star Gunter Bernard, whose club Schweinfurt 05 were among those passed over by the senior league. Bernard joined Werder Bremen—and broke his leg in the first match for his new club!

In sole charge of the national team since 1935 (a World record) Sepp Herberger appeared likely to be dismissed when the DFB discussed the question of his successor. All they did, however, was endorse Herberger's own choice, assistant Helmut Schon, as the eventual boss *when* Sepp Herberger gives way —which will not be before 1966.

SPAIN

FORMER Barcelona centre-forward star Cesar Rodriguez has pledged himself to a CFB revival. His terms—£23,500 cash, £200 a month plus bonuses, which will be double those awarded to the players—and the understanding that the club will not appoint a Technical Director. Cesar is to be boss.

His predecessor, Ladislav Kubala, created quite a stir, when agreeing to join newly promoted Real Murcia. His terms were similar to Cesar's except that the former Hungarian got only £5,000 in cash plus a promise that four new men would be acquired. Kubala wanted Yanko Daucik (his nephew) now with Real Madrid, and Manolo Bueno, Real's reserve outside-left, and two defenders, but a fortnight before the league programme resumed it became clear that Murcia had not the necessary cash to keep the Kubala-promise, and Ladislav quit to join the Division II Barcelona club, CD Condal.

The F.A. has introduced new rules on "foreigners"—Spanish-born, Spanish parents or two years' residential qualifications —virtually it means only Argentinians and the products of former Spanish colonies. Malaga CF don't mind—their new star is a "colonial", Ben Barek, nephew of Larbi Ben Barek, the French international known as the "Black Pearl".

HUNGARY

ONE of the top Hungarian coaches for many years, Marton Bukovi is back in the limelight after leading Diosgyor to promotion. Up with them come Csepel and down in their places are Szombathely and Salgotarjan. The newcomers are guaranteed two seasons in the top flight through the Hungarian decisions to switch their season once more. The new league campaign already begun will be a short unofficial series of thirteen matches without promotion and relegation. Then in the spring the new system begins, with the league fixtures spread over from April to October.

While Nandor Hidegkuti has returned from Italy and led his new club Vasas Gyor to a good start, the most "toasted" coach in Budapest is the Ferencvaros boss, Mezsaros. He was centre-half for FTC in their disaster year, 1949, when they lost five stars at one swoop! Mezsaros himself retired, Rudas broke a leg and three forward stars, Kocsis, Budai and Czibor, were all drafted to Honved. It took Ferencvaros fourteen years to recover and win the title again.

YUGOSLAVIA

DRAGOSLAV Sekularac's eighteen-month ban is now officially over—after less than twelve months. The second ban, and the second time he's succeeded in wriggling out of it, Sekki was barred for attacking a referee. Now there is strong support in Belgrade and in F.I.F.A. for suspensions to be registered with the international body and enforced!

The recent tragedy in Skoplje failed at first to rouse the traditional sympathy for a stricken club within the game, because few foreigners linked the earthquake city with the Cup winners of two years ago, Vardar FK. Their badly damaged ground, and a government ban on sport within the city, appeared certain to rule Vardar out of the new championship, until their plight was realised.

Roma offered a "free" friendly in nearby Split, the government relaxed their ban and the F.A. granted a £30,000 tax-free loan to help the club put their ground in order. 20,000 saw the first match of the new season, a 1-1 friendly draw with Dynamo Zagreb, who flew in and out within a few hours of the match because Skoplje still has no hotels or restaurants. Later France and Argentina are hoping to play extra international matches in aid of the survivors.

BELGIUM

THE F.A. Cup which was started in 1954 but flopped, has been resumed, limited to top class non-leaguers and the first two Divisions. The venture should succeed for the top clubs are interested now with the pass into the European Cup Winners Cup that goes with the re-instated Belgian trophy.

Standard Liege, the champions, enter the new campaign with more or less the same crew that

● *Continued on page 33*

THE big match this month is obviously the Wembley game against the Rest of the World XI, but having dealt with this extensively in another feature in this issue let me say only that I commend it to all those who can sneak the time off from work, and that it is hoped the national press will publicise the game a little more than they did the two financial flops of last season, the UEFA Tournament and the European Cup Final (writes ERIC BATTY).

FORTHCOMING EVENTS . . . . . OCTOBER

Yugoslavia v. Hungary (Belgrade)	6
Denmark v. Sweden (Copenhagen)	6
Wales v. England (Cardiff) AND Ireland v. Scotland (Belfast)	12
Holland v. Belgium (Amsterdam)	13
Russia v. Italy (Moscow)	13
Eire v. Austria (Dublin)	13
East Germany v. Hungary (Berlin)	20
England v. F.I.F.A. (London)	23
France v. Bulgaria (Paris)	26
Hungary v. Austria (Budapest)	27
Luxembourg v. France "B" (Luxembourg)	27
Ireland v. Spain (Belfast)	30
Holland v. Luxembourg (Rotterdam)	30

ANOTHER WEMBLEY FLOP?

One game that won't need much publicity to ensure a full house is the Windsor Park match in Belfast where Northern Ireland, the poor relations of the British championship, take on Spain in a match that counts for the Nations Cup. After their fine show in Bilbao, where Spain were held to a 1-1 draw, the odds seem to be stacked in Ireland's favour this time, though there are two factors that make me hesitate to predict a pass for Ireland. First Jose Villalonga, who was nominally in charge of the Spanish side at Bilbao, is now in a far stronger position than ever before after his resignation and subsequent recall. For the next three years he will be picking his own teams! Second, and this is even more important, the Spaniards will have the benefit of ten days in which to iron out some of their problems together, before the game, while Ireland as usual will have to cram their preparations into three days, for most of their team will not be released until after their English employers have had the benefit of their services on the previous Saturday.

If Ireland are unfortunate in this respect, the Republic of Ireland is really over a barrel, for their vital Nations Cup game with Austria goes off on Sunday the 13th, and their players will probably not be freed until around 5.30 on Saturday afternoon! Dashing across the Irish Sea by plane or boat, the Eire players barely have time to change let alone train together, and if one or two of their key men should get hurt in the Saturday matches ... calamity.

Despite these obvious disadvantages the Ireland and Eire players always seem aware of their responsibilities in a way that the sophisticated stars of England seldom are. Could it be that England are choosing men to whom £50 and the honour of playing for one's country don't mean so much?

Decisive

The Russia–Italy clash at the Lenin Stadium in Moscow should be a real thriller, and I would say almost certain to be put out on the Eurovision TV link. Certainly the Italian fans will be allowed to see it, though as usual that is no guarantee that the F.A. and Football League will agree that it is suitable for screening in England. Russia, the holders of the Nations Cup, appear to be having trouble with their national side at the moment and it will be a decisive match for the prestige of their new coach, the former Moscow Dynamo star Konstantin Beskov—while the new Italy, shorn of their South American imports, have won a great many friends in the last twelve months and are perhaps the top favourites to steal the Russians' mantle.

I fancy Italy to win on aggregate, though despite the Russians' problems I doubt if Mazzola, Rivera and company can win in Moscow. They were hard pressed to win in Vienna, at the end of last season—against an undistinguished Austrian side that restricted them to one goal—scored by left-half Trappatoni, and though it is true that many of their squad were tired after a gruelling struggle between Inter, Milan and Juventus for the league championship, I still can't see their present team as a World Class outfit.

The Hungarians are the busiest team this month with three outings in three weeks —Yugoslavia in Belgrade, where they should win; East Germany in Berlin, where they could win; and against their old rivals Austria in Budapest, where it seems certain they will win. For Lajos Baroti, who has been in charge now for nearly five years, his team must be a big disappointment. They have talent, they are still young, and he has patiently kept the side together, yet somehow for all their early promise, the Gorocs, Albert, Tichy team slips up badly at times.

Last season they drew in Cardiff, enough to ensure a passage into the second round of the Nations Cup, and in view of the two months lay off from which Hungarian football was just emerging, not really disappointing, though at times Ivor Allchurch gave Matrai, Meszoly and Sipos a lot of trouble. In Budapest, Denmark were thrashed 6-0, but though they did well to draw against Czechoslovakia in Prague at a time when six of their stars were unfit, the Baroti boys slumped 2-1 against Sweden.

Convinced that his players have real talent, yet apparently unable to bring it out, Baroti offered his resignation not long ago. This was declined, for the F.A. have absolute faith in Baroti, but I fancy he'll discard one or two of his regulars if they don't click this year.

Mismanaged

Another team that will surely be overhauled if they don't succeed soon is France, managed or mismanaged according to his many critics by Georges Verriest for a little more than two years now. In all this time, the French have won only one game —the 5-2 win in Paris that few in England will give the French credit for anyway.

● *Continued overleaf*

Algeria defeated a Czechoslovakian eleven 4-0 in Algiers earlier this year. Three of the winning team are in the foreground. (Planet.)

Overseas tourists add to the local interest

SOUTHERN Africa has seen three overseas squads this season. First there was Tottenham Hotspur, European Cup-winners' Cup holders, then came Dundee United and finally Atletico Cerro from Uruguay.

Spurs' visit was a smash hit. There can be no doubt that the three appearances by the White Hart Laners added up to the most successful tour of the Republic ever. They were signed up in February and arrangements were completed well in advance. It was thus hardly surprising that everything went off like clockwork. All those involved deserve a hearty pat on the back for a job magnificently executed. No stone was left unturned to bring the Spurs to the public at their very best.

The Londoners flew in amid a blaze of publicity. They caught the sports public's attention immediately and held it throughout.

The first run around at the Rand Stadium attracted almost as many onlookers as a needle match in the old amateur days. Dozens came to look and learn from the Spurs.

It was then off to Cape Town for the first match. The opposition was the National Football League XI which included most of the players expected to play for South Africa in the Johannesburg "Test". The locals were: Gething (Arcadia United); Dennyschen (Durban City, capt.), Lance (Rangers); Rufus (Highlands Park), Jacobitz (Highlands Park), Kalk (Southern Suburbs); Le Roux (Durban United), McGuigan and Wentzel (Addington), Petersen and Salton (Durban United).

The visitors were without the three English internationals, Greaves, Norman and Smith.

The opening minutes were a whirlwind for the N.F.L. defence. Three goals in the first fifteen minutes set the seal on the game. Jones was magnificent on the wing and Allen grabbed a hat-trick as the Spurs chalked up four by half-time. There was disaster for them, though. Winger Terry Medwin collided with Lance and broke his leg. He returned to London the next day and Dyson deputised. In the second half, things looked more even and in the end the 23,000 crowd cheered both sides for a fine match. The final score — 5-1 in Tottenham's favour.

Leslie Dimond (left) the Transvaal goalkeeper chats to his opposite number of the Tottenham Hotspur team Bill Brown. The two met during a trial match for non-white World Cup participants in South Africa. (A.P.I.)

S. Africa by NORMAN D. REICH

Another coastal game was next on the list. Durban was the venue of the second meeting with the N.F.L. XI. The locals brought in Williams of Durban City for Lance, Hauser of Addington for Rufus and switched Petersen to the wing in place of Salton, who moved to the other wing where he disposed Le Roux. Johnson of Arcadia was brought into the reshuffled attack. The three internationals arrived in Durban in time to take their places in the Spurs ranks.

Spurs were ahead at the interval through a snap goal but in quarter-of-an-hour of sensation, the N.F.L. equalised, went ahead, and were then almost run off their feet. Johnson netted the equaliser and Salton shot them into the lead. Then Jones and Greaves got to work and banged in two a-piece to give Spurs their second good win.

On to Johannesburg and the meeting with the Springboks. The South Africans were forced to leave out McGuigan because of residential qualifications and brought back Le Roux.

The sides took to the Rand Stadium that night on a muddy turf as follows:

South Africa: Gething (Arcadia United); Dennyschen and Williams (both Durban City); Hauser (Addington), Jacobitz (Highlands Park) and Kalk (Southern Suburbs); Le Roux (Durban United), Johnson (Arcadia United), Wentzel (Addington), Petersen (Durban United), Salton (Durban United).

Tottenham Hotspur: Hollowbread; Baker, Henry; Blanchflower, Norman, Marchi; Smith (J.), White, Smith (R.), Greaves and Dyson.

Spurs went into a fortunate lead. From what seemed to be an off-side position, Greaves ran through and slipped the ball to Smith, the centre-forward giving Gething no chance with a point-blank shot.

The huge crowd of 35,000 roared their delight at the superlative soccer. Salton and Johnson both came close. Salton beat Hollowbread all ends up with a splendid drive which struck the underside of the bar and bounced on the line only to be cleared by a defender.

Greaves just didn't seem to have his shooting boots on and twice missed from less than five yards. It was Gething's night. He gave a brilliant display under the bar to keep out the wandering and switching Spurs attack. It was not until well into the second half that Greaves gave the Spurs their second with a neat ground shot in the corner.

South Africa bounced into the picture via a goal snatched by Le Roux after thirty-two minutes of the second half. The Spurs were shaken but recovered to beat Gething again when Dyson scored close on time.

Danny Blanchflower, Spurs skipper, remained behind after the rest of the party flew home. He coached Boksburg for a few days and played for them in a floodlight exhibition game against a Transvaal Invitation XI. He inspired the young Eastern Transvaalers to a sound 6-3 win, transferring them into a fast workmanlike combination in a matter of days. His coaching has also left its mark.

Scottish Club

Next on the programme was the call from Dundee United of Scotland. Kicking-off with an 11-2 win over Nyasaland in Blantyre, the Scots moved on to the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia. The Northern Rhodesians included the English coaches at present on duty in the territory, Fred Goodwin (Leeds United) and Phil Woosnam (Aston Villa). A crowd of 4,000 packed the Kitwe ground for the game and saw Gillespie net twice in the opening exchanges. Ex-England international Jackie Sewell reduced the arrears on half-time. Goodwin equalised just after the restart. Mitchell and Sewell then made it 3-3 with a goal for each side but Irvine got the winner just before the final whistle.

In the second game, under floodlights, Northern Rhodesia held on to draw 2-2 at Luanshya.

From there, Dundee flew to South Africa for a fiasco tour. The organisers fell sadly short in planning an imaginative visit. An excellent opportunity to give club soccer a boost was lost. The F.A.S.A. came in for a number of broadsides as a result of the tour. A great deal of the good done by the Spurs' visit was undone. How much better would it have been to give champions Highlands Park a tilt at the Scottish First Division eleven. It would have packed 'em in at the Rand Stadium. A suggestion that a South African Under-23 side be given a chance to show their paces against overseas opposition was also ignored. I think the soccer officialdom in the Republic lost a lot of face as a result of their unenterprising handling of this tour.

The Under-23 idea is an excellent one. The huge pool of young talent available cries out for representative fixtures but still they decided on the same old provincial combinations. Just skimming through those who would qualify for Young South Africa honours, I managed to draw up a pretty impressive list. Des O'Keefe of Southern

Suburbs and Ron Orford of Germiston Callies are both showing splendid form in goal. Further selections could include Grant (Highlands Park), Lloyd (Arcadia United), Exall (Durban Ramblers), Kalk (Southern Suburbs), Varner, Ryder (Durban City), Hancock (Germiston Callies) and Carroll (Highlands Park). How is this for a possible Under-23 squad: O'Keefe (Southern Suburbs); Grant (Highlands Park), Lloyd (Arcadia U.); Varner (Durban City), Hancock (Germiston Callies), Kalk (Southern Suburbs); Carroll, Broad (Highlands Park), McCurrah and Exall (Durban Ramblers) and Mann (Durban United). There are many more who deserve representative recognition. Let's hope they get it soon. The Dundee United tour would have been ideal, young as the tourists were.

Dundee United beat Combined Transvaal 2-1 at the Rand Stadium before a meagre 6,000 crowd. Carlyle's winner for the tourists came from a mix-up between Jacobitz and Gething before half-time.

Cape Town City, lying near the foot of the First Division, provided almost the entire side for the next encounter with Western Province at Hartleyvale, Cape Town. This time, Dundee were beaten by a faster, more direct and penetrative side.

On to Durban and the meeting with Natal. Here, Dundee came back into their own to win handsomely 4-2. They were then beaten in Salisbury by Southern Rhodesia before flying home rather leg weary.

From Uruguay

The visit of Atletico Cerro of Uruguay was, to my mind, a refreshing change to the usual British fare. The Latins have something about their play which sparkles. They have the knack of pulling out the unexpected which delights the crowds. How well they performed in South Africa. Their conduct off the field was also an example to all.

Cerro flew into South Africa after an extensive European tour. After the usual first run-around at the Rand Stadium, they flew to Durban for the first game with Durban City, lying sixth in the first division. A crowd of 25,000 attended.

The Latins swung into top gear immediately. After just two minutes, centre-forward Hector Silva showed an amazing burst of speed to crash the opener past Ryder. By half-time, Silva had scored again. It had been one of the brightest spells of soccer, South Africa had ever seen.

City, however, came out fighting for the second session. Using a double centre-half stopper formation with Springboks Williams and Dennyschen blocking traffic

● Continued on page 33

Don MacKay, Dundee United goalkeeper, intercepts a corner challenged by Southern Rhodesian centre-forward Twetson (9) and John Mortimore (Chelsea). The Southern Rhodesian Invitation team which also included Frank Blunstone of Chelsea won 3-2. (A.P.I.)

Forthcoming Events — by ERIC BATTY

● Continued from previous page

Much will depend on their game in Sofia on September 29 for if they lose there, the second leg against Bulgaria in Paris could be M. Verriest's last stand.

Early in the month "les tricolores" have several easy work-outs against club sides but it is still not clear whether Raymond Kopa will be available. Now joint coach of Reims, his presence would give French confidence a boost should they need it for the second leg. I fancy France to beat Bulgaria this time, if only because their opponents have depended to a very great extent on their Army team CDNA, who are now past their best.

And finally, what of Holland, the pseudo-amateurs who beat Brazil 1-0 in May and now appear certain of a place in the Nations Cup last eight. With only little Luxembourg to beat they should get through but I feel they won't have much to crow about after Belgium have given them a hammering in Amsterdam, and the first good team they meet in a competitive game will put them in their places.

Come to think of it though, is there a good team left in the Nations Cup?

In the semi-final of last season's Rappan Cup at Amsterdam, Ajax Amsterdam defeated Slovan Bratislava 5-1. Prins scores the second goal of the game with Schroif diving in vain to prevent the score. Ajax went on to win the trophy. (P.A.I.)

EUROPE'S MOST FAR REACHING TROPHY

THE first stage of the Rappan Cup, covering several weeks of "Toto" fixtures during the "close" seasons of Europe's national Leagues, is over, and gradually clubs are getting back into the groove of their domestic competitions. Later during this current season the summer leaders in Rappan will play-off their remaining matches to determine a definite Cup winner but in many ways the basis of this competition is less its ultimate winner than its initial match results. These, since they involve the widest of any range of clubs in European competitions, do also provide an excellent opportunity of assessing a few strengths and weaknesses.

As to that range — twelve countries were represented this year and each had four of its leading clubs taking part. The twelve countries were first divided into three groups of four with

Belgium, France, Italy and **Switzerland** in Group One;
Austria, Netherlands, West Germany and **Sweden** in Group Two; and
Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland and **Yugoslavia** in Group Three.

Next each group was sub-divided into four sub-groups with one club from each country in each group and each club due to play the remaining three in the sub-group both at home and away. In fact, although the start of each main group had been staggered to allow for the varying dates of completion of their home competition, the delay in the completion of several national League seasons in Western Europe contributed largely to the occasional Rappan Cup postponement so that there is a match still to be played by four clubs in Group One — and both matches can, as the accompanying table and the following draw shows, affect the sub-group winners.

The draw for the second part of the Rappan Cup Tournament has in fact been made since I started to prepare the table. It has resulted as follows:

Rapid Vienna (Austria) v. **Fiorentina** (Italy) or **Standard Liege** (Belgium)
Slovnaft Bratislava (Czech.) v. **Modena** (Italy) or **La Gantoise** (Belgium)
Sampdoria (Italy) v. **Polonia Bytom** (Poland)
Bayern Munich (W.G.) v. **Rouen** (France)
Odra Opole (Poland) v. **Norrkoping** (Sweden)
Orgryte (Sweden) v. **Slovan Bratislava** (Czech.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY by GORDON JEFFERY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

These matches, played in two legs at home and away, have to be played between August 15 and November 15. The six winners will then be drawn together to play between November 16 and March 31, 1964. The semi-finalists will be the three winners of these matches and a fourth either (this has not yet been decided) the losing "quarter-finalist" with the best goal-average or one of the three losers as drawn from the hat! The semi-final at any rate will be played during April, 1964, and the final on May 20, 1964.

The draw shows the disposition of group winners on a national basis but before looking more closely at that aspect of these early matches, there are two or three interesting general aspects to note. With the exception of the postponed matches and the confirmed result of Slovan Bratislava's final match against Empor Rostock (presumably they won it), it was a case of each club playing six matches — not a large number, yet not a single one of the forty-eight clubs stayed unbeaten and, on the other side of the picture, only three failed to gain a victory.

The unhappy three were Empor Rostock of East Germany who did, however, draw half of their matches; IFK Goteborg of Sweden who drew two of theirs and Chaux de Fonds of Switzerland who had to be content with a single draw. Reliable evidence, I think, of the growing evenness of the standard of play in the twelve countries represented.

Playing at home is always an advantage in any football match. Exactly why has never seemed very clear except the realisation that even the best of players seem not to be wholly immune from their surroundings or oblivious to the crowd. Certainly we have come to accept that playing at home is an even greater advantage in Inter-club matches (as distinct from wholly domestic ones). How much, in accepting this, we have been influenced by the anti-football tactics that we have come to expect from visiting clubs in European Cup competitions, and how much we have simply followed the too common practice of unquestioningly accepting soccer dogmas as being gospels, is as much your guess as mine.

Dominated

In the Rappan Cup matches although home wins were in the majority I do not think they were much more so than would be a similar number of matches played in a national league.

There was one of those curious "Pools" results on the Swedish coupons covering matches played on the last week-end of these Rappan matches when every match listed did result in a home win! (It is, of course, the results and not the "treble chance" that feature in most continental "Pools".) The overall breakdown of the

ALL THE RAPPAN CUP PRELIMINARY GROUP RESULTS

RESULTS AND TABLES OF TWELVE SUB-GROUPS

	(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
GROUP ONE											
POOL A											
(a) **STANDARD** (Belgium)	—	1–3	1–0	—	5	2	2	1	7	7	6
(b) SEDAN (France)	2–2	—	1–1	2–0	6	2	2	2	12	16	6
(c) ZURICH (Switzerland)	2–2	7–0	—	2–2	6	1	3	2	12	7	5
(d) **FIORENTINA** (Italy)	0–1	5–4	1–0	—	5	2	1	2	8	9	5
POOL B											
(a) **SAMPDORIA** (Italy)	—	0–2	5–0	5–0	6	4	1	1	13	3	9
(b) NIMES (France)	1–1	—	3–2	5–1	6	4	1	1	13	7	9
(c) ANTWERP (Belgium)	0–1	3–1	—	2–0	6	2	0	4	9	14	4
(d) LAUSANNE (Switzerland) ...	0–1	0–1	4–2	—	6	1	0	5	5	16	2
POOL C											
(a) **MODENA** (Italy)	—	2–0	1–1	3–1	6	3	2	1	8	6	8
(b) TOULOUSE (France)	3–0	—	5–3	3–0	6	3	0	3	14	10	6
(c) **LA GANTOISE** (Belgium) ...	0–0	2–1	—	2–0	5	2	2	1	8	7	6
(d) YOUNG BOYS (Switzerland) ...	1–2	3–2	—	—	5	1	0	4	5	12	2
POOL D											
(a) **ROUEN** (France)	—	2–1	2–0	4–3	6	4	0	2	18	13	8
(b) VENEZIA (Italy)	3–1	—	2–0	2–1	6	3	1	2	10	7	7
(c) LIERSE S.K. (Belgium)	3–2	1–0	—	2–1	6	3	1	2	7	8	7
(d) CHAUX-DE-FONDS (Switzerl'd)	3–7	2–2	1–1	—	6	0	2	4	11	18	2
GROUP TWO											
POOL A											
(a) **RAPID** (Austria)	—	5–2	4–1	3–1	6	5	0	1	17	6	10
(b) PSV (Netherlands)	1–2	—	4–3	2–0	6	4	0	2	11	10	8
(c) NEUMUNSTER (W.G.) ...	1–0	0–1	—	2–1	6	2	0	4	9	14	4
(d) DJURGARDEN (Sweden) ...	0–3	0–1	4–2	—	6	1	0	5	6	13	2
POOL B											
(a) **BAYERN MUNICH** (W.G.) ...	—	2–1	6–0	2–2	6	4	2	0	19	9	10
(b) VIENNA (Austria)	2–2	—	4–1	1–0	6	3	1	2	14	11	7
(c) SPARTA (Netherlands)	1–2	5–1	—	2–1	6	3	0	3	13	17	6
(d) GOTEBORG (Sweden)	3–5	1–5	3–4	—	6	0	1	5	10	19	1
POOL C											
(a) **ORGRYTE** (Sweden)	—	3–0	4–1	2–0	6	3	2	1	14	10	8
(b) WIENER A.C. (Austria) ...	1–1	—	3–0	1–0	6	3	1	2	7	8	7
(c) PIRMASSENS (W.G.)	5–1	4–1	—	8–0	6	3	0	3	19	11	6
(d) ENSCHEDE (Netherlands) ...	3–3	0–1	2–1	—	6	1	1	4	5	16	3
POOL D											
(a) **NORRKOPING** (Sweden) ...	—	1–4	3–0	4–1	6	4	1	1	14	9	9
(b) AJAX (Netherlands)	0–1	—	5–1	4-2	6	3	1	2	17	12	7
(c) TASMANIA (W.G.)	3–3	2–2	—	4–2	6	1	3	2	11	16	5
(d) SCHWECHAT (Austria) ...	1–2	5–2	1–1	—	6	1	1	4	12	17	3
GROUP THREE											
POOL A											
(a) **SLOVNAFT BRATISLAVA** (Cz.)	—	6–1	1–0	2–1	6	4	1	1	12	4	9
(b) VELEZ MOSTAR (Yugoslavia)	1–1	—	4–1	1–0	6	3	1	2	9	12	7
(c) ZAGLEBIE SOSNOVIEC (Pol.)	1–0	4–1	—	2–0	6	3	0	3	8	8	6
(d) MOTOR JENA (E.G.)	0–2	0–1	2–0	—	6	1	0	5	3	8	2
POOL B											
(a) **SLOVAN BRATISLAVA** (Cz.)...	—	4–1	4–0	1–1	5	2	2	1	11	7	6
(b) RUCH CHORZOW (Poland) ...	3–0	—	3–0	2–0	6	3	1	2	12	8	7
(c) O.F.K. BELGRADE (Yugoslavia)	2–2	2–1	—	2–1	6	2	2	2	7	12	6
(d) EMPOR ROSTOCK (E.G.) ...	—	2–2	1–1	—	5	0	3	2	5	8	3
POOL C											
(a) **POLONIA BYTOM** (Poland) ...	—	6–1	2–2	2–2	6	2	3	1	17	10	7
(b) RED STAR BELGRADE (Yugo.)	4–3	—	2–0	5–1	6	3	1	2	15	14	7
(c) VORWARTS (E.G.)	1–1	2–2	—	3–0	6	1	3	2	9	9	5
(d) JEDNOTA TRENCIN (Czech.)	0–3	2–1	2–1	—	6	2	1	3	7	15	5
POOL D											
(a) **ODRA OPOLE** (Poland) ...	—	4–0	1–0	1–0	6	3	2	1	8	3	8
(b) SONP KLADNO (Czech.) ...	1–1	—	2–0	1–0	6	3	1	2	7	9	7
(c) HAJDUK SPLIT (Yugoslavia) ...	1–0	1–2	—	2–1	6	3	0	3	7	7	6
(d) MOTOR ZWICKAU (E.G.) ...	1–1	3–1	1–3	—	6	1	1	4	6	9	3

results shows, however, that 63 per cent ended in wins for the home side, 19 per cent as draws and 18 per cent in a win for the visiting side. (By comparison — to save readers from working one out for themselves — I make it that last season's 462 English Football League First Division matches resulted in 48 per cent "home" wins, 24 per cent "draws" and 28 per cent "aways".)

The spread of places between the clubs of different countries is further evidence of a levelling up (I prefer to accept that rather than a levelling down!). No single country dominated in any one of the three Groups. Italy, it is true, can win three of the four sub-groups in Group One *if* Fiorentina beat Standard Liege and *if* La Gantoise lose, draw or only narrowly defeat Young Boys of Switzerland. Then Modena would join Sampdoria and Fiorentina as an Italian qualifier. On the other hand *if*, as seems rather more likely, Standard beat Fiorentina and, slightly less likely, La Gantoise keep Young Boys from scoring whilst they score at least two goals themselves, then Italy will have but one qualifier, and Belgium will have two. The very fact that these possibilities exist as a consequence of the playing of the postponed matches is in itself confirmation of the closeness of the contests. So, too, is the fact that Sampdoria only gained their place in the next round by virtue of their superior goal-average over Nimes of France.

Goal-average did not have to be brought into the final reckoning for any of the sub-groups in Group Two where Sweden finished in the lop-sided way of having two group winners and two group bottom-clubs. Before the last week-end matches were

● *Continued on page 32*

AN INVERTED HELTER - SKELTER OF MONEY — AND MADNESS

AT the turn of the century William Pickford made probably the most ironic forecast of all time on the sensational transfer of Alf Common from Sunderland to Middlesbrough for £1,000. He wrote: "It is a painful commentary on this club's boasted managerial astuteness that it holds the record for transfer fees. This questionable distinction is a truly sensational transaction that is likely to remain unchallenged for some time."

ROGER MacDONALD is out on the Transfer Trail again

Imagination boggles at what he would have thought, said and written about the annual hunting expedition of Boca Juniors president, Alberto Armando; the seven appearances at Chelsea of a player who cost £45,000; and the trifling 544,413,000,000 lire (£317 million) spent by Italian clubs on transfers between 1957 and 1962.

Even at full boggle it is difficult to visualise his reaction to the price asked of River Plate for an eighteen-year-old unknown centre-forward, Hugo Galli—£50,000—or the cost of A.S. Roma's present team ... a mere £870,000. It is money, madness, and more money; an inverted helter-skelter; a Tower of Babel of transfer fees. Where and why did it all begin?

It arose from the eternal law of supply and demand; it began in England because only the Football League could provide the necessary economic conditions. In the beginning there was only British professional football; in the beginning there were only British transfer fees—and for a long time after.

The spark that lit the forest fire came not with Common in 1905, or even with McMahon in 1902; it came with Crabtree in 1895. Crabtree was the best all-rounder of his day and Aston Villa wanted his services. After Crabtree heard Villa's terms he wanted to move as well. Burnley, almost the last to hear of the matter, received £350 in compensation. The deal was shady, but evidence of illegality even more obscure. The F.A. reluctantly recognised the transfer, and the ballyhoo of the big fees had begun.

When £1,000 was paid for Alf Common the Association panicked. They played King Canute and tried to hold back the tide, resolving that after January 1, 1908, the transfer limit should be £350. Three years' grace was a sufficient period for clubs to adopt methods of evasion instead of compliance. In that time they could have found a loophole in the Ten Commandments. The law survived four months of abuse and was rescinded. Undercover payments and the acquisition of "make-weight" players had made it a farce. The inverted helter-skelter was open for business again.

£2,000 — £5,000 — £10,000 — £13,500: the fees went ever upwards in Britain. Not so abroad. There were no rich clubs, and few transfer fees at all. There was only one millionaire, Dr. Arpad Brull, who signed Alfred Schaffer, Gyuala Mandi, Kalman Konrad, Imre Schlosser, Georgi Orth and others for M.T.K. But he had no transfer fees to pay: Austria-Hungary did not legalise professionalism until 1926, and even then there was no international agreement between the various Associations. But payments to players were becoming legal. Czechoslovakia permitted them from 1925, Spain followed suit in 1929, Argentina in 1930, and France in 1932.

Italy had an unofficial professionalism from 1929: it remained unofficial because the Italian clubs had no wish to pay transfer fees for their Argentinian imports — Monti, Orso, Guaita, Demaria, Andreolo and the rest—and there were rumours of impending legislation. All they had to offer was a signing-on fee and a guaranteed salary; Orsi and Monti were paid about £1,800 apiece—a huge sum in those days. The record offer was made by Internazionale to MTK's George Sarosi, in, I believe, 1935—450,000 lire, nearly £5,000.

The largest legitimate transfer-fee which could be established was the sum paid in 1930 by Real Madrid to Barcelona for their great goalkeeper Zamora—150,000 pesetas (£6,000). It fell a long way short of the £10,870 paid by Arsenal in 1928 to Bolton for David Jack, but it was a big sum all the same. Even Arsenal were only prepared to pay £2,600 for goalkeeper Rudi Hiden a few weeks after Zamora's sensational transfer.

England kept her expensive nose in front until 1949. Post-war inflation reduced Europe to

SOME EXPENSIVE TRANSFERS

1952	Jeppson, Atalanta to Napoli	£60,000
1953	Ghiggia, Penarol to Roma	£45,000
1953	Di Stefano, Millionarios to Real Madrid	£40,000
1954	Schiaffino, Penarol to Milan	£68,000
1954	Virgili, Udinese to Fiorentina	£45,000
1955	Julinho, Portuguesa to Fiorentina	£65,000
1955	Kopa, Reims to Real Madrid	£50,000
1955	Selmonsson, Udinese to Lazio	*£55,000
1956	Gomez, River Plate to Milan	£50,000
1956	Gomez, Milan to Palermo	£45,000
1956	Santamaria, Nacional to Real Madrid	£45,000
1957	Angelillo, Boca Juniors to Internazionale	£75,000
1957	Charles (J.), Leeds to Juventus	£65,000
1957	Grillo, Independiente to Milan	£40,000
1957	Hamrin, Juventus to Padua	£55,000
1957	Lojacono, Lanerossi to Fiorentina	£40,000
1957	Marchi, Tottenham to Juventus	£40,000
1957	Maschio, Racing B.A. to Bologna	£55,000
1957	Nicole, Padua to Juventus	£40,000
1957	Sivori, River Plate to Juventus	£91,000
1957	Walter, Vaseo da Gama to Valencia	£63,000
1958	Altafini, Palmeiras to Milan	£80,000
1958	Firmani, Sampdoria to Internazionale	£89,000
1958	Hamrin, Padua to Fiorentina	£70,000
1958	Julinho, Fiorentina to Palmeiras	£111,000
1958	Lindskog, Udinese to Internazionale	£68,000
1958	Lojacono, Fiorentina to Roma	£45,000
1958	Quixall, Sheffield Wednesday to Manchester United	£45,000
1958	Selmonsson, Lazio to Roma	£50,000
1959	Campana, Lanerossi to Bologna	£45,000
1959	Charles (M.), Swansea to Arsenal	*£40,000
1959	Kopa, Real Madrid to Reims	£40,000
1959	Manfredini, Racing B.A. to Roma	£50,000
1959	Maschio, Bologna to Atalanta	£55,000
1960	Anzolin, Palermo to Juventus	£55,000
1960	Eastham, Newcastle to Arsenal	£48,000
1960	Law, Huddersfield to Manchester City	£53,000
1960	Mauro, Sao Paulo to Santos	£50,000
1960	Rivera, Alessandria to Milan	£85,000
1960	Vava, Atletico Madrid to Corinthians (Brazil)	£48,000
1960	Young, Hearts to Everton	£41,000
1961	Baker, Hibernian to Torino	£73,000
1961	Clough, Middlesbrough to Sunderland	£42,000
1961	Cobas, Bela Vista to Monaco	£40,000
1961	Da Costa, Fiorentina to Roma	£55,000
1961	Del Sol, Betis to Real Madrid	£40,000
1961	Greaves, Chelsea to Milan	£83,000
1961	Herd, Clyde to Sunderland	£42,000
1961	Hitchens, Aston Villa to Internazionale	£85,000
1961	Kennedy, Kilmarnock to Manchester City	£45,000
1961	Law, Manchester City to Torino	£100,000
1961	Selmonsson, Roma to Udinese	£40,000
1961	Suarez, Barcelona to Internazionale	£148,000
1961	Umberto, Academica (Portugal) to Internazionale	£90,000
1961	McLeod, Hiberian to Arsenal	£40,000
1961	McLeod, Hibernian to Arsenal	£40,000
1962	Bartu Kan, Fenerbahce to Fiorentina	£80,000
1962	Byrne, Crystal Palace to West Ham	£58,000
1962	Charles (J.), Juventus to Leeds	£55,000
1962	Charles (J.), Leeds to Roma	£72,000
1962	Cubilla, Penarol to Barcelona	£45,000
1962	Del Sol, Real Madrid to Juventus	£198,000
1962	Dino Sani, Mantua to Milan	£60,000
1962	Greaves, Milan to Tottenham	£94,000
1962	Hitchens, Internazionale to Torino	*£75,000
1962	Jair, Portuguesa to Internazionale	£45,000
1962	Jonsson, Fiorentina to Roma	£56,000
1962	Law, Torino to Manchester United	£115,000
1962	Maschio, Atalanta to Internazionale	£72,000
1962	Pagani, River Plate to Fiorentina	£70,000
1962	Peiro, Atletico Madrid to Torino	£178,000
1962	Sanfilippo, San Lorenzo to Boca Juniors	£82,000
1962	Seminario, Zaragoza to Fiorentina	£75,000
1963	Silveira, Barcelona to Boca Juniors	£75,000
1963	Amarildo, Botafogo to Milan	£145,000
1963	Schnellinger, Cologne to Mantua (fee paid by Roma)	£75,000
1963	Schutz, Borussia Dortmund to Roma	£60,000
1963	Sarti, Fiorentina to Internazionale	£40,000
1963	Szymaniak, Catania to Internazionale	£65,000
1963	Sormani, Mantua to Roma	£250,000
1963	Benitez, Milan to Genoa	£64,000
1963	Gallardo, Sporting Cristal to Milan	£64,000
1963	Ure, Dundee to Arsenal	£62,500
1963	Crerand, Celtic to Manchester United	£56,000
1963	Kevan, West Bromwich Albion to Chelsea	£45,000
1963	Kaye, Scunthorpe to West Bromwich	£42,000

* deal involved other players.

The Charles boys Mel and John have been concerned in some hefty transfer deals, but as yet Mel's son Jeremy shown in his father's arms, has not been able to emulate his father or uncle in this side of the game! (Planet 2)

the same economic plight; in football, at any rate, the rich clubs tended to get richer and the poor clubs poorer. In 1949 the Argentine, Martino, went to Juventus for £25,000; a few weeks later home-grown Amadei joined Internazionale for a little less than £29,000. He moved to Naples in 1951-52.

England recaptured the record briefly through Ford and Sewell, but in 1952 Naples paid the remarkable sum of 105 million lire (£60,375) to Atalanta for Hans Jeppson, the Swedish international, formerly with Charlton Athletic as an amateur. They boasted that they would pay the earth for a good forward, and they paid it. The rise seems remarkable, but apparently no other record intervened, and subsequent rises have been even larger. In six years, 1957 to 1963, the record has jumped £180,000 from £69,000 to just short of £250,000.

Whirlpool

You may well wonder why Italy has become the centre of the transfer insanity. The answer lies in an inter-city rivalry as fierce as that in the Middle Ages, a whirlpool of monopoly, inflation, corruption and greed ... sucking the cream of the world's talent into its stygian depths.

A boom in soccer has meant a boom in transfers. Millionaires such as Umberto Agnelli of Juventus and Pessarolo of Lazio have vied with one another to buy the best players and bask in the resulting prestige. The decline of the Mitropa Cup did not check the growth of foreign imports, which began again soon after the war on a much larger scale. The success of home-produced Torino—their most expensive player was Mazzola, at £20,000—but their destruction in the Superga air disaster opened the flood gates. The European Cup, combined with a relentless battle for supremacy in the Italian League, has brought a greed for power and success surpassing even the heyday of the Mitropa. Millionaires, megolomania and money combine to call the tune.

A relentless transfer tug-of-war developed between Italy, Spain and England in the 1950s. Spanish clubs, following the lead of Don Santiago Bernabeu and Emil Oesterreicher, out-bid top Italian clubs for South American and European stars. Italy replied by broadening the market to include British players. When England—under a serious disadvantage because the Ministry of Labour's ban on foreign talent meant that at best she could only break even—eventually proved wealthy enough to recapture her Italian exiles, Italy turned back to Spain and Portugal. They exposed the finances of the top clubs, Real Madrid and Benfica apart, as a crumbling edifice. Suarez, Seminario and Peiro were all whisked away from the Iberian peninsula. Even Real Madrid, stacking their pesetas in an abortive attempt to sign Pelé, allowed Luis Del Sol to depart for a world record fee.

Throughout this time Scotland, of all the professional European Leagues, suffered the worst depredations ... to England, not to Italy. Over twenty-five Scots disappeared over the border for five figure fees between 1958 and 1961. The total English output was around half a million pounds. Sweden, with her GREN, NOrdhal, LIedholm trio joining Milan for about £100,000 in signing-on fees, headed the list of amateur victims. Argentina lost so many players to Europe and Colombia that she was eventually forced to buy other South Americans to replace them. Uruguay, Peru and Chile have been a constant source of talent. It is a vicious circle with a gloomy future.

I described top Spanish club finances as a crumbling edifice. This is borne out by their obvious inability to finance building projects and retain their stars at the same time. Barcelona are still a million pounds in debt; Atletico Madrid owe £400,000; Zaragoza's directors have had to guarantee large sums to keep the club's head above water. The death in a car crash of Walter, Valencia's £65,000 Brazilian star, was described by the club president as a crippling financial blow. Even Real Madrid, whose income from friendlies has dropped dramatically since they were eliminated unceremoniously from the European Cup, have been anxiously totting up figures.

The discreet retirement of a number of Italian club directors over the past few years is an indication that even millionaires have to draw the line somewhere. At least two of them, one in Rome and one in the North, are reputed to have been declared bankrupt in the last decade. The cost of running a major club is fantastic, and only the very richest men have been able to pay fortunes in transfers as well. ● *Continued on page 24*

TRANSFER FEES — THE WORLD RECORD

1902	McMahon	to Manchester City	£450
1905	Common	to Sunderland	£1,000
1912	Shea	to Blackburn	£2,000
1920	Lane	to Birmingham	£3,300
1920	Fazackerley	to Everton	£4,000
1922	Puddefoot	to Falkirk	£5,000
1925	Kelly	to Sunderland	£6,500
1927	Gibson	to Aston Villa	£7,500
1928	Jack	to Arsenal	£10,870
1938	Jones	to Arsenal	£13,500
1947	Steel	to Derby	£15,000
1947	Lawton	to Notts County	£20,000
1949	Martino	to Juventus	£25,000
1949	Amadei	to Internazionale	£29,000
1950	Ford	to Sunderland	£30,000
1951	Sewell	to Sheffield W.	£34,500
1952	Jeppson	to Naples	£60,375
1954	Schiaffino	to Milan	£69,000
1957	Sivori	to Juventus	£91,000
1958	Julinho	to Palmeiras	£111,000
1961	Suarez	to Internazionale	£148,000
1962	Del Sol	to Juventus	£198,000
1963	Sormani	to Roma	£250,000

The subject of Eric Batty's player portrait Andrej Kvasnak is shown on the right having won possession from an opponent. (O.)

A MODEL TO YOUTH

PLAYER PORTRAIT: ANDREJ KVASNAK *by Eric Batty*

ONE of the key men in Czechoslovakia's run to the 1962 World Cup Final in Chile was inside-left Andrej Kvasnak, and five years younger than the Dukla trio, Masopust, Novak and Pluskal, he seems certain to carry an even greater responsibility in the next series.

More than a little fortunate to make the trip at all, Kvasnak was originally left out of the party when the Czechs flew off to Italy, for two warming up matches against club sides in which a mid-field weakness became obvious to all, and national trainer Rudolf Vytlacil telephoned to Prague to ask that Kvasnak meet the main party in Zurich, en route for Chile.

In the qualifying rounds against Scotland and the Republic of Ireland Kvasnak had shared the mid-field role with Masopust, and also snatched eight goals but a knee injury had refused to mend, and temporarily forced him out of the game while he underwent an operation. In the last few weeks, pre-Chile, Kvasnak had averaged forty miles a day, cycling in the countryside around Prague in a bid for fitness, but though he'd also returned to ball practice he hadn't played a serious game for weeks when the S O S came from Milan.

The World Cup made Kvasnak an international star, yet his critics still describe him as "good — but too slow", the most unkind dubbing him "Hajaja" after a radio announcer who reads a bed-time story for children every evening on Prague radio.

Tall, leggy and slightly stooping as he plays the ball, Kvasnak's ungainly stride is largely responsible for the sleepy illusion, for watching him closely when in full cry his opponents appear to find it no easier to overtake him than they did Sweden's Agne Simonsson who was also credited (unfairly) with being slow.

Kvasnak was born in Slovackia, at Kosice, not far from the Russian border, on May 9, 1936, and like many of today's outstanding players he spent many hours playing football in the streets as a boy. He lived across the road from the Jednota Kosice ground and, addicted early, he worked his way up through the Kosice boys' and Youths' teams until national service took him into the Army.

In 1955 he was playing for Tankista, an Army team that later changed its name to Dukla Pardubice, who are now an average Second Division team. Returning to Kosice, he immediately made the first team and by 1958 had helped put the club into the First Division. When Kvasnak left Kosice, for Prague and Spartak in 1959, the club soon slipped back into Division II but during his spell with Jednota he became so popular that he was known as the Mayor's right hand. Kosice was then in the grip of a football boom that its 130,000 people had never experienced before — and anyone with a problem was advised by his workmates "See the Mayor, or better still, ask Kvasnak to help you!"

"In Prague," says Kvasnak ruefully, "it's very different. Here you have no private life for Spartak Sokolovo have fans everywhere you go. In Kosice if I went into a bar, people would offer to buy me a drink, now if I have one glass of wine in a restaurant someone telephones the club to say 'Kvasnak is drunk'."

Very largely, he told me, it depends how Spartak are doing. Last year, while driving his Simca, his wife had a nasty accident and though she and young son Miroslav were luckily unhurt, the car was a complete wreck. Friends of Sparta, who worked in the garage that towed it in, had it rebuilt in ten days — yet last season, a few days after they had lost a league match to Brno, another relegation candidate, that same garage was "too busy" to do a very minor repair!

It was while he was playing with Dukla Pardubice that Spartak Sokolovo first became interested in Kvasnak, after a 7-2 Sparta victory in which he had scored four goals — two for each side!

Although often a scorer in important matches, Kvasnak is not really a goal-getter. He takes a smart penalty — no frills, but planting it low into the corner, he scores more often than not, and in goal-mouth heading duels his height helps him to snatch a few more. On occasion he half-volleys a real screamer from around twenty-five yards, but it is in midfield that he makes his biggest contribution to the game. Dropping back to link up with the defence, whatever the number on his back, his instinct takes him into the spaces where he can receive the ball.

Though predominantly left-footed he is a superb ball player; hides it well from opponents by putting his body between the ball and his challenger, and is one of the few Central European inside-forwards today who knows when and how to "open" the game with long raking passes to his wingers.

Tendency

If he has a fault, it is an occasional tendency — common to nearly all the ball jugglers — to hang on just a shade too long, looking for another opponent to beat, and no doubt giving more fuel to his critics that claim he slows the game down. Again, though he raves from midfield and shouts at the trainer's bench when his colleagues up front miss chances, he is himself inclined to be over eager in front of goal. I well recall seeing him miss no less than four sitters in a needle match with Dukla Prague — two chances being thrown away in three seconds. Racing through the middle to take a square pass that shattered the Dukla rearguard Kvasnak dribbled round the 'keeper in fine style and then with the whole goal to shoot at, placed the ball against the post. Alone and still unhampered when the ball rebounded to his feet, he put the second chance wide!

In this respect, although born more than four hundred miles away from Prague, Kvasnak is typical of Sparta — brilliant one moment in midfield, yet likely to be proved impotent when presented with a gilt-edged scoring chance. First capped with Kosice back in 1957, when Czechoslokavia lost 2-1 to East Germany in Leipzig, Kvasnak has been a regular member of the national side since 1960, and now has precisely thirty full honours. Currently without any real challenger for his position, as "director", Kvasnak is a pillar on which the younger players can lean as the Czechs rebuild their team for 1966 — and in the process he could become one of the widely acknowledged "truly great players".

One of Rangers ex-players and his managerial success

WADDELL STRIDES ALONG IN SEASON SIX

SCOTTISH STORY from JOHN STONE

THE number of ex-Glasgow Rangers' players who have risen in Scotland to managerial status is considerable. It will, undoubtedly, become an even greater number in years to come; such is the influence of the Ibrox club on the Scottish game.

The last decade in particular has seen several of the old "Light Blue Brigade" emerge to a head-of-affairs post with rival clubs, notably Willie Thornton, first with Dundee and now Partick Thistle. And, to a lesser extent John Prentice with Arbroath and now Clyde and, more recently, Sammy Baird—who has chosen to combine management with playing at Stirling Albion.

Before Rangers followers point out that there are two obvious omissions, I hasten to add that Ian McColl is managing not a rival club—but the Scotland team itself—and that Kilmarnock's Willie Waddell has, deliberately, been left until last.

For Waddell, I feel, is worthy of a closer look as he gets fully into the stride of his sixth season in control at Kilmarnock, a team still slightly despondent at their failure to top a League Cup section which includes Rangers and Celtic.

A proud man who prefers not to mince his words but to throw them out as accurately as he did his centres from the right wing, on to the head of Willie Thornton, Waddell would be the first to admit that when he arrived at the manager's desk at Rugby Park he was a complete novice as far as this latest aspect of the game was concerned.

He quickly adapted himself to occupational hazards even though, in the first few months, it was an accepted fact that certain waters ran far from smoothly off the field.

Having played for Rangers at the tender age of 15, while still a schoolboy at Lanark Grammar School, Waddell obviously qualified for the oft-misused tag: soccer natural.

An exciting player, built more on the lines of a Rugby Union prop-forward than an outside-right, he soon made the Rangers right-wing berth his own, and ultimately found his way into a Scotland jersey 19 times, with the Scottish League also honouring him on five occasions.

An international career spanning nine years—from his first cap in 1946 against Switzerland to his last against Wales and Ireland in 1955—was indeed a reference for any managerial applicant. Waddell's had been an illustrious playing career; the fact that a Rangers supporter widely recognised as the most difficult in the country to please should soon concoct for him the nickname "Deedle Dawdle" proved that he made a powerful impression with his dynamic thrusts upfield, and often a sizzling left-foot shot to finish.

International

For all his success on the field, however, I feel that Waddell can make for himself an even greater name in the managerial ranks. Already he is known in several Continents; respected, too, for his forthright attitude.

Waddell makes no secret of what he wants for Kilmarnock—there is no other way to spell success. Cups and plaques in the Board Room are his status symbols. This he intends to get and will, if his first five years in the job are to be taken as any significant guide.

The town of Kilmarnock itself awaits eagerly the day when "the team"—as everyone calls Killie—will finally emerge and fulfil the promise they have shown since returning to the premier grade nine years ago.

In Waddell's reign—if it is apt to describe a manager's term of office as such—he has twice taken them to a Scottish Cup final, only to lose each time to Rangers.

Twice, too, Kilmarnock have appeared under his charge in a League Cup final, to be beaten each time once by Hearts and once, yet again, by Waddell's old club.

Second best in the League Championship has also come the Rugby Park side's way with almost heartbreaking regularity—three times in the last four seasons—and their first venture into the American International Tournament saw them emerge clear second-bests, although in their two subsequent visits they have failed to qualify for the final.

No team can truthfully be expected to maintain such regularity, with the probable exception of Rangers, who never seem to fade for long.

Waddell has been nurtured on a diet of success in his Ibrox days, and in his first five full years as manager of Kilmarnock he has continued the trend.

He will not be satisfied to see all he has worked for slip back. Forward is where he is looking, where he has been looking even when staggering the club's supporters by parting with three of the finest players to have come into his charge in his time there.

First there was Bobby Kennedy, whom he sold to Manchester City for £45,000. Ian Davidson, another wing-half went to Preston for £15,000 and, towards the end of last season, Waddell staggered the football world by asking Sunderland for a £25,000 cheque for his centre-forward, Andy Kerr—and getting it, despite Kerr's having long passed his 30th birthday.

Returned

Considering Kerr had cost Kilmarnock less than half that figure when he returned from Manchester City, and that a £12,000 fee for inside-forward Dave Sneddon to Preston was the only other big signing Waddell made, many people wondered and are still wondering how it is that he has kept Killie in the top four clubs in Scotland—and has retained their reputation as the most consistent side in the country.

The record is quite amazing considering that Rugby Park gates last season averaged under 10,000, but each time Waddell sold a player for a fat fee he was able to draft in a suitable replacement immediately.

He has his own ideas on the game which, to the club's sup-

● *Continued from page 22*

West Ham United goalkeeper Lawrie Leslie punches the ball away from goal and almost connects with head of Kilmarnock's centre-forward Ernie Yard in the opening game of 1963 International Soccer League season at New York's Randalls Island Stadium. Game ended in 3-3 draw. (ISL Photo by Conrad Galvez.)

Early prospects from Eire showed a slightly happier position

A VERY REAL INCENTIVE TO SUCCEED

Our on-the-spot correspondent in the Republic of Ireland, TOM MULDOWNEY, offers his view

AFTER three turbulent months of board-room bickering, Eire's new season started under circumstances more favourable than many before.

With last year's unhappy cut-price league now a forgotten failure and current membership restored to twelve, by the return of Sligo Rovers and inclusion of new club Drogheda, coached by former Everton, Irish International Peter Farrell, press, public, players, and powers-that-be were confident that at long, long last Eire Football was on the return to its former pre-war greatness.

Ground conditions, never a strong point, were excellent. Especially Dalymount Park and tiny Tolka; and to show concern for oft-forgotten patrons Cork Celtic, aided by a £500 loan from the F.A. erected covered accommodation at Turners Cross.

One cloud shadowed an otherwise cerulean sky; Home Farm's failure to attain senior status. *(See World Soccer, August issue.)* Their disappointment was fully shared by the public who, surprisingly, may benefit from the enforced absence of their favourites. The minor revolution that kept Farm out, also ended the non-aggression pact, or gentleman's agreement in operation at re-election time. No more routine formality, not with Home Farm hovering outside ready to devour prey, that need fly higher than two places from bottom to avoid flying to pastures new.

So those within the pale have a very real incentive to succeed; and competition promises to be cut-throat. Fans so accustomed to indifference, especially from the also rans, should be treated to a rare battle for survival. What welcome awaits Farm when they come home. Home to their rightful place in the front rank of Irish soccer. What justice if their homecoming should be at the expense of one who closed the door in their face.

As I write, Dublin City Cup and Shield supply soccer's diet. Players displayed a standard of fitness not usually observed until championship time. Unfortunately playing standards were as depressing as ever, despite all the high hopes. No cynic, I refuse to accept that this will be the greatest.

Autumn's choked fixture list fairly glitters: visits from Zurich, Valencia and Barcelona in European club competition. Austria in the Nations' Cup, and an opportunity for locals to emulate "big brother" successful against Scotland, when Alf Ramsey arrives with the English League selection. A feast of football. Too much. Too soon and in too short a time.

Champions Dundalk were not impressive when winning the President Cup, the first of the trophies. By print time they will have met Zurich in their first European endeavour. No sensation expected; suffice to uphold the fighting qualities of Shelbourne and Shamrock Rovers. Conveniently forgetting "Hoops" last Dalymount debacle against Botlev Plovdiv.

Pioneered

Shamrocks shone at Roker Park, beat Sunderland in a pre-season serious-friendly. With former exiles Frank O'Neill and Liam Tuohy bringing power and pace to the front they will present holders Valencia with problems in the Inter-City Fairs Cup-tie. A coin toss cost Drumcondra their place in this competition. Pity Proles who pioneered Eire's entry and recorded the first Irish win in European combat, ousting Odense only to lose to Munich.

Bench sitting with Rover boss Sean Thomas, is Mickey Burke, stalwart defender during Coad's conquering era. Burly Burke played most of his football at Milltown before emigrating to Canada. He helped Transport win last term's Leinster League and hopes to pilot and play his old club to the same position.

For all the advance publicity and search for Scottish talent only Waterford produced a signing. Ian Weir, full-back with Clyde, Motherwell and Stirling Albion, succeeded Peerless Paddy Coad in charge of the "Blues." Weir impressed in early work-outs and could well succeed where more "glamour guys" failed, for the simple reason that he is a defender. Waterford traditionally favoured forwards; Dave McCullogh, Jimmy Gauld and Eddie McIlvenny got goals galore while trophies escaped through the gaps in the rear-guard. Coad's coaching produced fifty goals but thirty-seven were conceded and only runner-up medals obtained. Another example of good work going for nought. Coad continues in the game. He will concentrate on youth. A sound policy that will take time but one that cannot lose.

Sligo Rovers and Drogheda were failures in search for falling stars. Peter Farrell "trialed" Fletcher from Kilmarnock and Willie Fernie of Glasgow Celtic and Middlesboro'. It was no-deal. Attempts to sign St. Patrick's Ronnie Whelan while the latter was in dispute brought rebuke from Saints. For the present Farrell goes it all local in a determined bid to put the boom town on the football map.

Resigned

Chaotic confusion reigns in Munster where the governing council resigned en bloc in protest against the league's decision to take the date and venue of the Munster Cup final, principal source of revenue there, for a Top Four Independent Cup fixture.

Stalemate continued all summer while Mr. Football, Joe Wickham sought a solution. Eventually and at the behest of the F.A., finalists Cork Hibernians and Limerick opened their programme, playing the decider. With no one in authority to present the prize, it was a cup final without a cup. Fate decreed a draw and a bizarre situation was avoided.

Hibs captain Tony Allen departed for Bristol where he went on trial with City. Reason for his quick return was the £2,500 offer rejected as chicken feed by Hibs, who are not anxious to lose their sheet anchor anyhow.

Farewell

A departure who won't return is veteran Tommy Eglington. He has decided to call it a day, and what a day it has been for the flying winger who received rave notice when playing alongside Jimmy McAlinden in the green of Rovers, back in the early forties. Along with friend Farrell he crossed to Goodison Park where both gave yeoman service to Everton.

Sad to see Eglington fail to improve on his twenty-four International caps and go into retirement without the Shamrock statuette awarded to all who reach the coveted half century. In response to his many admirers and by way of a farewell salute to a great player and personality, from this section of *World Soccer*, although more of the staff may like to joint in, here is the most famous unfinished symphony in Eire:

1946 ... Portugal, Spain, England.
1947 ... Spain, Portugal.
1948 ... Switzerland.
1949 ... Portugal, Sweden, Finland.
1950 ... Norway.
1951 ... Argentina, Germany.
1952 ... Germany, Austria, Spain, France.
1953 ... Austria, Luxembourg, France twice.
1954 ... Norway.
1955 ... Netherlands, Germany, Spain.

Only once was he partnered by Peter Farrell. Other inside-lefts who teamed up with "Ego" were: Jimmy McAlinden, Alec Stevenson, Danny McGowan, Reg Ryan, Arthur Fitzsimons, and George Cummins.

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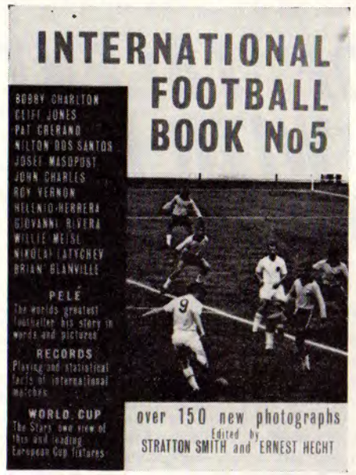

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LUXURY RESERVES REPRESENT A PROBLEM TO THEIR SOCCER CLUBS

A WASTAGE OF TALENT BUT WITH NO READY REMEDY

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

THE reserve *de luxe* is hardly, in himself, a tragic figure. He is well paid, drives a good car, and lives in an expensive flat. And yet, perhaps there is something tragic about him in terms of waste, the squandering of potential. His talents were not born to blush unseen, but that is what they are now likely to do. He is a spare cog, kept carefully oiled and ready for a large and costly machine. He may have his moments of glory, but they will arise by accident.

The reserve *de luxe*, of course, is not a startlingly new phenomenon. The coming of the European Cup, the South American Cup, the internationalising of the game, at club level, has made him increasingly common, but he was known even before the war, not least at Arsenal.

Powerful

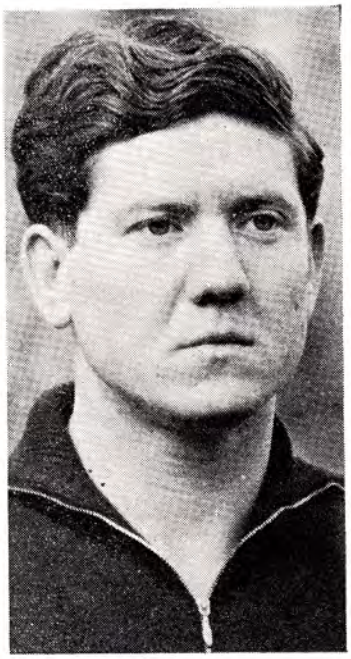
Arsenal, then one of the richest and most powerful clubs in the world, were the more able to keep promising rods in pickle because the wage maximum kept their expenditure relatively low. But there was more to it than that. The club was so well run, looked after its players so well, that few of them ever wanted to leave that cosy world for a colder one. Leslie Compton, I suppose, was the salient example. He joined Arsenal in 1932 from Hampstead (now Hendon) as a promising full-back. With the going of Tom Parker, it must have seemed that his chance would come. But he was just a little slow and Herbert Chapman, using his uncanny power of persuasion, converted George Male from left-half, instead.

Compton stayed at Highbury for twenty years, and would doubtless have won a first team place earlier than he did, but for the war. The fact remains that he played a couple of international trials for England, while still an Arsenal reserve, spending five good years in the London Combination, when his talents entitled him to a role in the First Division.

Today, we have Jimmy Hill at Everton, Horst Szymaniak at Inter, Almir at Santos, and we have had Didi and Simonsson at Real Madrid.

Real, perhaps, are the real setters of the current fashion. Colossally successful in the European Cup and Spanish League, able to demand a £10,000 guarantee wherever they played in the world, they had the money and the surrounding glamour to attract reserves of the highest quality. Agne Simonsson, when the Swedish international centre-forward joined them, was probably one of the most brilliantly versatile and accomplished forwards in the world; yet he knew he could not be more than an understudy to Di Stefano. In fact, his career foundered in Spain, and he must now, sad and belatedly, try to pick up the pieces and put them together again in Sweden. A season with San Sebastian merely served to emphasise his growing obscurity; a great talent lost, if not forever, at least for the years he spent in Spain.

As for Didi, he scarcely played a game for Real, consigned to the touchline by Di Stefano's hegemony; there wasn't room for *two* conductors on the podium. The tall, thin Pepillo was another footballer of great gifts—alas for him, a centre-forward—who was actually lent to River Plate for a season, but has still, despite his Argentinian experience, to break through.



The position of Horst Szymaniak since his transfer to Inter, spotlights the awkward situation which has arisen through the complicated rules affecting Italian football. He can play in the European Cup but only for his club in League matches if but one other foreigner is included on the day of the match in question. (Metelmann.)

Horst Szymaniak, though he can play for Inter in the European Cup, is in the ridiculous position of not being able to play in the Italian League; unless Jair or Suarez stands down, Italian clubs are allowed only two foreigners at a time in their Championship team, and clearly Jair and Suarez are beyond displacement, short of a serious lapse of form (or Herrera's decision, from time to time, to play massive *catenaccio* defence).

Now Szymaniak, though one may from time to time deplore his ruthless methods, is one of the finest half-backs in the world. It is clearly absurd that he should have to sit out the bulk of this season.

Talents

Everton, meanwhile, have bought Jimmy Hill from Norwich City; and who can blame them? He has been a relatively cheap buy—some £20,000—he has international experience, considerable talents as ball player and strategist, and provides essential cover to Stevens and Vernon. From his point of view, the move makes sense, as he will be far better paid, with the prospect of a good many first team games in one or other inside-forward position (though it might be pointed out that Stevens and Vernon between them missed only one League game all last season).

Perhaps Hill considered the position of Tony Marchi, Tottenham's reserve *de luxe*, who has never managed to win back a regular first team place since leaving them for a couple of seasons in Italy, but who nevertheless played, and played well, in their successful European Cup Winners Cup Final team, in Rotterdam. He has had his moments, but I believe he characterises the reserve *de luxe* in his often manifest disappointment. After all, a footballer who has done so much, has captained his side, has been on the verge of the England team, cannot take kindly to playing a perpetual second fiddle.

One cannot blame the Inters and the Evertons for signing these "luxury" players, any more than one can blame Santos of Brazil, who have just added to Pelé the so-called "White Pelé", Almir, after a disappointing time of it with Fiorentina and with Genoa. He can scarcely hope to be more than a reinforcement, which is perhaps (in terms of nicknames) not inappropriate.

These major competitions impose major strains and demands. Reserves in the ordinary sense—meaning players who are not really good enough for regular first team football—are of no value. They must be first team quality in their own right; a paradox which is unavoidable.

At its worst, this situation can produce such a case as that of Bruno Nicolé, who has just joined Mantova in what one might call a regenerating transfer.

Nicolé was seventeen when he joined Juventus from Padova, in 1957. He cost them the phenomenal sum of £70,000, and looked the best prospect as a centre-forward Italy had had since Piola. Alas for Nicolé, Juve signed John Charles at the same time. He spent his first season with them in unhappy exile on the right wing. His second was deceptively graced by a spell in

● *Contd. at foot of facing page*

THEY'RE ON THE SOCCER WARPATH NOW

Feature by JEFF CROSS

THE game of soccer has been found in almost every corner of the globe. It's played by white man and Negro, by Arab and aborigine, by public schoolboy and barefoot bambino.

Yet one of the most unique football teams in the world must surely be Sasquatch F.C.—a team composed entirely of North American Indians of the Chehalis band. "Red Indians", if you like, though they hate the term.

And in this team, the Indian chief, twenty-six-year-old Billy Williams, is the left full-back!

Perhaps the mixture of Indian and association football shatters boyhood fancies of tomahawks and scalping, of war-dances and smoke-signals and of "heading-'em-off-at-the-pass".

Produced

Yet in British Columbia's Fraser Valley, the mating of two improbable factors has produced a lusty, thriving infant.

The offspring is this Sasquatch team, a member of the ten-team Fraser Valley section of the Mainland Soccer League, affiliated to the British Columbia Soccer Football Association — and thus to the Canadian Soccer Football Association and to F.I.F.A.

And to forestall any who might be sceptical of the standard of soccer displayed by the Indians, the team has just walked off with the League championship, with a staggering goal average of 100-13 in its 17-1 won-lost record.

And this despite the fact that the team is able to select its players from only within the Chehalis band. And the Chehalis number just 300, including men, women and children.

Domiciled close to Harrison Mills, some eighty miles from Vancouver, the Indian team is sponsored and encouraged by jovial Jim Maclean, proprietor of the Sasquatch Inn, a snug hostelry frequented mostly by loggers and by tourists visiting the beautiful British Columbia hinterland.

The inn itself derives its name from the "Sasquatch", a legendary monster somewhat akin to the abominable snowman of the Himalayas. The Sasquatch are reputed to exist in the Harrison hills and from time to time hunters still venture in search of them—without success, though many of the older Indians insist they are there.

Most of the members of the Sasquatch team are loggers, and the soccer team almost to a man is also the war-canoe racing team. Behind the bar in the Sasquatch Inn rest dozens of trophies won by the young braves, both in soccer and canoe-racing.

Regular

Eighteen signed players form the Sasquatch team, captained by Chief Billy from his full-back position. Backbone of the side are the brothers Charlie—twenty-nine-goal centre-forward Cecil, goalie Al, right full-back Peter and wing-halves William and Larry. The regular line-up also includes centre-half Reggie Phillips and his brother, right-winger Robbie, inside-forwards Tony Peters and Russell Point (at seventeen the youngest regular and still a schoolboy) and left-winger Irvine Felix.

More brother acts make up the reserve strength, with Leonard and Dave Peters, Gordon and John Pennier and Willis Anton backing up the first-stringers.

Coaching is in the hands of a former member of the team, Peter Felix, a quiet, knowledgeable man with a flair for improvisation and a frank liking for defensive soccer.

When professional teams from England and other soccer-strong nations visit Vancouver each year, a block of seats is immediately ordered by the Chehalis Indians and together they drive the eighty miles into town to watch the stars. Coach Felix, Chief Billy and their players talk openly and with genuine admiration, of the great European players. At the drop of a moccasin they'll discuss the relative styles of Glasgow Rangers and Real Madrid or the abilities of Stanley Matthews, Ferenc Puskas and Alfredo di Stefano, all of whom they have seen.

Perhaps this passion for soccer among the Indians is not so strange. Some of the team learned the game while at St. Mary's Indian school from the lips of one Brother Gerard, an Irish priest with top-flight soccer experience. Others picked it up merely watching others perform.

In 1961-62, the team finished second by a slim margin in the League table. This season they finally climaxed their efforts by winning the championship — a truly remarkable performance by this handsome band of men in one of the outposts of soccer's far-flung empire.

And moreover it is certainly pleasing to hear about the exploits of one of the most colourful of soccer teams currently engaged in competitive football.

The game certainly would be the poorer for their absence.

BRIAN GLANVILLE

From previous page

the middle, both for Juve and Italy. John Charles was injured, and so well did Nicolé take his place that he was chosen to lead the Italian attack in Paris—and scored both goals in a 2-2 draw. Tall, strong, fine in the air, a good mover, he still looked a player with a splendidly full future. But Charles returned, and Nicolé had to move over again. The process continued till Charles left Juve last season, by which time Nicolé's confidence was undermined. The King had gone; the heir apparent was incapable of coming into his inheritance. Now, with Mantova, he must begin again.

This, plainly, is the danger of being a reserve *de luxe*: there is no real substitute for consistent first class football, with all the challenge it implies. A footballer who doesn't play, or who plays in the second class, cannot go forward and, since few stand still, it means he'll surely go back.

Yet concentration of power means the proliferation of the reserve *de luxe*, and this, in turn, must mean wastage of talent at a time when talent has never been so short. It all seems very sad; but what can be done?

HE HAS KEEN LITERARY SENSE!

Chief Billy Williams points out an interesting item in WORLD SOCCER to the club's coach Peter Felix. The latter is a former player of the team and has developed his own ideas about tactics and strategy for his side. (C.1.)

In the Light of the Football Association's intention to discuss the possibility of running their own Pools competition ERIC BATTY says . . .

POOLS BIG BUSINESS SHOULD ASSIST SOCCER

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, Switzerland's Sport-Toto began operating and suddenly made aware of the Swiss body's achievements one is forced to the unhappy conclusion that way back in the past British sport took a wrong turning. Though full of good intentions at the time the Football Association must shoulder a great deal of the responsibility for this error of judgment—for they had the chance of co-operating with the football pools and not only rejected it but also took legal advice with a view to having the pools declared illegal. They launched a campaign against gambling in all its forms, and even took it to Parliament, but they failed.

As we all know now, Pools have become big business and bigger in Britain than in the other European countries. What has been achieved abroad could have been doubled or trebled here in this country—if the authorities had grasped the opportunities that were presented to them back in the thirties, yet now when most thinking people will agree that football pools could and should be used to serve sport, the big problem is how can this be achieved and it remains almost unanswerable in practical terms.

In Britain the pools have grown up in private hands, and it would be difficult as well as unfair to take them over now that they are flourishing, even if any British government could be persuaded that this were in the national interest, yet organising a new pool, sponsored by the Football Association or any other body pledged to develop and encourage sport, would be all but impossible.

The biggest single obstacle facing any new official or semi-official pool would be the doubt in the public mind that a win on the "new" pool would bring in as great a reward as a win on the old and well established pool. Suppose a new pool were started. How many would send their postal orders to the new pool the first week and how would the dividends for the treble chance compare with the "private" pools? If the prize for finding eight draws on the new pool was only £10,000 the first week (even that is terribly optimistic) while the private pools paid out sums in excess of £100,000 how many would go back to the old firm?

A new pool even with well advertised aims to rebuild British sport would be finished the first week, for the average man in the street is interested not in morals but in hard cash.

This realisation, and the vote of thanks due to the fuddy-duddys who rejected the chance to take part in the pools when they were in the making, should not prevent us from appreciating the difference between the State-

. . . as Europe has had some considerable cash benefits

sponsored Toto of the continent and our own pools, and how better can this be done than by taking a close look at the Swiss Sport-Toto.

The Swiss modelled their Toto not on the British pools, but on the Swedish version which began operations in 1934. A semi-official body, Aktieboalaget Tipstjanst had been given a complete monopoly by the Swedish Parliament and charged with setting up a profit-making pool that would plough back all the money they made into the development of Swedish sport for the benefit of the community as a whole.

In 1936 the Swiss sent M. Ernst Thommen, then the Treasurer of the Swiss F.A., and M. Frederick Jent, a sports journalist, to discover all they could about the Swedes' efforts and present a report to the F.A. Based on their findings the F.A. then approached the government who sanctioned Sport-Toto and it came into being in October, 1938.

Since then millions of Swiss Francs have been raised and handed over to sport for the benefit of the Swiss people. From small beginnings—handing out a few hundred pounds to help pay the expenses of a women's hockey team travelling abroad—the ideas of the Swiss have become wider and bigger, and today it really is true that the country's sport has been built up on cash raised by their Toto.

Among Sport-Toto's ventures the Sports Centre at Macolin and the Maison du Sport stand out Macolin, a superb training centre built in the Jura mountains, and the Maison du Sport, completed this year now houses the National Association for Physical Culture. With room to spare the governing bodies of sport have been invited to move in, and eventually it is hoped that it really will be the Swiss Maison du Sport, the equivalent of a Ministry of Sport. Macolin has already been admired, publicised and commented upon by the English Football Association.

There, against a background of mountain peaks, are dining halls, lecture rooms, residential quarters and facilities for every sport. The Swiss football team prepares for internationals at Macolin; all the other representative teams of all sports take it over in turn and when not required by the well-known sportsmen it's used to house boys and girls undergoing courses of instruction in the sport of their choice, and to prepare and examine would-be coaches who will eventually pass on what they learned there to youngsters all over the country.

The Swiss efforts are not confined to building administrative centres however. Tiny villages receive grants to develop sports grounds; the league clubs planning to erect a new stand can get almost fifty per cent of the total cost involved, and the huge bill for sending their athletes to the Olympic Games every four years is heavily subsidised by Sport-Toto.

When the Swiss staged the World Cup in 1954, many of their existing grounds were improved. Terraces were enlarged,

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JOHN STONE writes on Kilmarnock's Manager *—continued from page 17*

porters, often seem strange at first, usually work out well in the end.

No doubt remembering his early baptism in the Senior game, he has repeatedly thrown relative infants into the first team, and has proved the adage that if good enough, a player is old enough.

That is why, on the first day of the new Scottish season, Kilmarnock were led out at Dumfries against Queen of the South by twenty-year-old right-half Eric Murray, a player who, last season, could not always command a regular place in the senior side.

Obviously Waddell felt that the lad had what it took for the captain's part, gave him the job and saw Murray lead the side to a resounding 4-1 success.

Waddell could not possibly have done the things he has—or do the things he wants to do for Kilmarnock—without the backing of his Board. Like him, they are men who want to see the town known throughout the world not only for its whisky and carpets.

That is why they pioneered a two-year contract and why they this year put many wealthier clubs in the shade when they proudly announced, in conjunction with the season's opening, that they were introducing three-year contracts.

Even players on the staff with a year or two years of their existing contract to run were told that these would be torn up if the player decided to sign a three-year replacement—and, at the same time, qualify for a tempting £28 a week all-the-year-round pay packet with bonuses thrown in during the playing season.

The reaction of the players, naturally, was one of mass appreciation.

Even Mr. John Hughes, secretary of the Scottish Professional Players' Union was freely quoted congratulating the club on its far-seeing policy.

Since Willie Waddell, formerly of Rangers and Scotland fame, arrived at Rugby Park success has been a formality — even though it has, up until now, been of the runners-up variety.

At the age of 41, however, he looks set to improve even further on an already impressive managerial career, with the Kilmarnock club reaping the benefits.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED FOR SIMILAR STADIA

Wembley Stadium with its new roofing in place now has the largest covered area of any stadium in the world. Money derived from the Pools run by the soccer authorities in England could lead to many more such stadia being built for the benefit of the domestic game. (P.A.I.)

new stands were built at Lugano, Biel, Berne, and Geneva (Servette)—perhaps the most spectacular being the super modern stand at the St. Jakob Stadion in Basle towards which Sport-Toto contributed 45 per cent of the cost. In Lausanne, where it was later hoped to stage the 1960 Olympics, a superb new stadium was erected, but these are only some of the projects in which pools-raised cash has helped the development of football. Swimming baths, athletics tracks, gymnasia for basketball and gymnastics and ice-hockey stadia have all been built with aid from the Toto.

Allocating

In Britain meanwhile, sport was left to fend for itself, without help of any kind from the government. The Pools Promoters' Association now hands over £250,000 to the Football League for the use of its fixtures, but the bulk of this is frittered away by allowing a portion to each of the clubs playing in the Football League. The big clubs like Arsenal, Spurs and Everton certainly don't need such a paltry sum, while at the other end of the scale clubs verging on bankruptcy are no doubt glad of it even though it's not enough to settle their worries.

A case can be argued that the poorer clubs need it, but the money goes on maintaining existence and not on development. To the casual observer it it may appear that British Sport is flourishing. In three years time we will stage the World Cup—and win it if the more optimistic among us are to be believed. Our athletes do well in the Olympics and European Games, for a country of our size and in almost every field of popular sport from swimming to show-jumping we acquit ourselves well in international competitions.

Yet scratch beneath the glittering surface and a very different picture begins to take shape. Outside the big cities, ask where are the nearest baths for swimming and diving. Certainly we have very many, but the vast majority (around 95 per cent) are too short for swimmers and the boards are too low for divers with their eyes set on Olympic Gold Medals.

While you are at it, ask about cinder tracks equipped with floodlights and suitable for all-the-year-round training, and then reflect for a moment on the plight of the British Olympic Committee who have to beg for pounds and sixpences from the general public in order to raise the fare to send our squad to Tokyo next year.

All this is bad enough, but take a real close look at one sport—our national game—football. Wembley and the big league clubs put on a superb front, but at the level of the local game, the sport is beginning to crumble. Faced by the ever-mounting costs involved in running a team which plays in a local league the dedicated men who give their time (and often money they can ill-afford) are beginning to give it up.

The area I know most about is South East London where each year the hunt for a ground to play on becomes increasingly difficult and more costly. My local council allows football at four of their parks, pitches at three of them allocated free of any charge. At the fourth the cost is only 10 shillings per game, but at only one park are hot showers available after the match and for the rest a match in the mud and cold of December will be followed by a quick wash in cold water.

With irate ratepayers watching every move one can sympathise with the council who cannot really afford to divert more cash to providing sports facilities but the biggest criticism I have of this body is that because of the great demand only six times per year can each club have the use of a pitch to play on. Obviously six times a year is nothing like enough.

The choice for many is the L.C.C., another body which has made a sincere effort to provide facilities, but also has failed. Most of the grounds they provide are far too small—the result of trying to squeeze in as many pitches as possible into the limited number of open spaces available.

Blackheath is the biggest playing area provided by the L.C.C. in South London, where twenty-six games can be staged at one time. It sounds wonderful, but most of the pitches are so small that there's barely one yard between the edge of the penalty area and the touch-line!

A year ago, the L.C.C. opened new changing rooms at Blackheath which are quite honestly superb. Ample space, toilets and hot showers are provided in this new building *for half the teams that play there each week*. The other half still change in the old dressing rooms half a mile away, in conditions that can only be described as deplorable. The "cow-shed" as the youngsters call it is made from ancient corrugated iron. Up to 264 youngsters change there every Saturday and Sunday, with the wind howling in through a huge space which might have been covered by a door years ago, but isn't now, and in addition to having to walk around on an uncovered concrete floor they have to leave the building to wash in cold water.

The new changing rooms are superb, but the L.C.C. did only half a job at Blackheath presumably because they are short of cash.

Intensive

Londoners without doubt are luckier than the rest of the country, but even in London there is a grave shortage of grounds, and on the limited number available for the small clubs, conditions are all too often primitive. We need and have needed for years an intensive development programme aimed at making it possible for all our youngsters with a bent towards sport to play and practice and the shortage is by no means limited to football either.

Local authorities and voluntary bodies like the National Playing Fields Association are doing what they can but everything hinges on the amount of cash available.

Abroad the necessary money is raised by a government sponsored football pool, and today every country in Western Europe (bar France) has an organisation like the Swiss Sport-Toto to help the various sports organisations develop training facilities and playing areas. The Swedes started in 1934 followed by Switzerland four years later, and since then Finland (1940), Italy, Norway and Spain (1946), Hungary (1947), Denmark, Austria and West Germany (1948) have all joined in. Recent additions have been the Toto of Holland Portugal—leaving Britain and France majestically alone.

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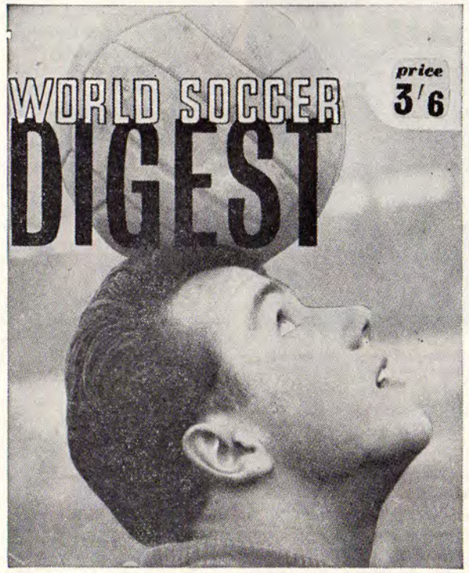

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AN INVERTED HELTER-SKELTER OF MONEY AND MADNESS

ROGER MacDONALD *continued from page 17*

The Agnelli family continues to pour vast sums into Juventus, but elsewhere the financiers have acquired an anonymous boardroom approach. They are still men of immense commercial and social power, but no longer household names as they were in the past. Transfer fees have taken their toll.

Acquired

When and where will it all end? There is no sign of a pay pause in international transfers, and little prospect of one while supply and demand move in opposite directions. A new world record arrived, quite unexpectedly, when Angelo Sormani joined A.S. Roma from Mantua for a quarter of a million pounds. Roma spent as much again on a string of foreign players including Schutz and Schnellinger (loaned to Mantua as part of the Sormani contract) — their total expenditure was one billion and thirty-nine thousand lire.

Milan bought Amarildo for £145,000 and paid out 375 millions; Internazionale (whose purchases included Szymaniak and Sarti), Juventus and Torino spent 355, 250 and 240 million lire respectively. In England there were half-a-dozen transfers in the £40,000 range, the largest being the £62,500 paid by Arsenal for Dundee's Ure. Boca Juniors spent £150,000, bringing their total expenditure to £600,000 in three seasons. Altafini's predicted move from Milan will almost certainly bring yet another new world record. And if Pelé should leave Santos the sea front could be paved with gold.

Summoned

It is fitting, perhaps, that England, who summoned the crescendo, should also sound the first note of sanity. Billy Nicholson of Tottenham Hotspur has refused to pay the exorbitant prices demanded by lesser clubs for their prospective stars. The shrewd purchases of Burnley, Everton and Stoke City have put extravagant Arsenal and Manchester United to shame.

If only Arsenal would recall their shrewd and conservative pre-war policy, and Manchester United their inestimable fostering of youth, and stop this folly. In Spain, sheer economics have acted as a brake on lavish expenditure, but in Italy things go from bad to worse. In a country where prosperity and poverty go hand in hand it is especially sad to see such a wanton disregard for the value of lire.

Degrades

The spectacle of an annual collection of players on the scale of an imperial harem degrades football and tarnishes its magic. As long ago as 1936 Aston Villa proved that cash alone does not buy success: they spent £35,000 and were relegated. Did Chelsea and Sunderland, Lazio and Torino do any better? If only the rich clubs could realise their folly, the football world would be a better place.

Legislation may provide the answer where preaching and romanticism cannot. I have long urged the adoption of a considerable surcharge on all transfers, to be divided among the remaining clubs of the appropriate national league. At worst, this would ensure that some of the money passing around the upper circle of clubs would benefit the game on a much wider scale; at best, it could force even the richest club to think about whom it was buying and what it was paying. The decline of football as a spectacle stems from its iniquitous subjugation to big business and high-pressure commercialism. You cannot buy "blend", any more than you can build a tower to heaven. The Tower of Babel followed the Flood; but it will be the Fire next time.

FORMULA FOR PRE-SEASON MATCHES IS CHANGING

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

WHILE the rest of the world is talking about bets and bribes, fixings and general dishonesty the Irish League has been so quiet one would almost think it had decided to shut shop and tell nobody. I have never known a pre-season period so quiet. True there are plenty of happenings at the various soccer camps but I do not think they are important enough to record in these lines. The fact that Fred Bloggs has signed for Queen's University is interesting to Fred and Queen's and nobody else.

Belfast is still ringing about Distillery's great European Cup draw against Portugal's Benfica — by the time you read this the fact (and perhaps the outcome of the draw) will be old hat so enough of that. Also by the time you read this the season will have started and perhaps the Ulster Cup will have gone to a new home — always assuming it does find another owner. Remember though that at the time of writing the season is still a few weeks away and as I said in another issue some time ago looking ahead is not an easy task for any right-thinking soccer writer.

One item of interest has been the attitude of officials regarding pre-season friendlies and warm-ups. No fewer than ten games were played inside thirteen days recently before the season started and some officials feel that the system of warming-up with English and Scottish touring clubs has got out of hand. This I don't see but I do agree that friendly games before the season starts between Irish League clubs is a bit much. For instance Linfield and Glentoran played one, Distillery and Derry City played one — and when there are only twelve teams in the Irish League the fans are being asked to see dull games instead of being asked to watch interesting games that would make them want to come back when the season proper starts.

The Linfield–Glentoran games are always billed throughout the season as the meeting of the *big two* and are supposed to be glamour matches with plenty of thrills. Now when they hardly reach such heights in competitive soccer they cannot be expected to do so before the season. You can have too much of a thing — good or bad.

By all means bring over the Watfords and Scottish clubs for that is what is wanted by the soccer-starved Ulster fans but please do not keep on pairing Irish League clubs as pre-season appetisers. And another thing, don't let's have too many Irish League v. League of Ireland games as friendlies unless the teams are really of the same class. No harm to the Republicans but some of their soccer is as bad (if not worse) than ours.

If certain sections of the officialdom have their way the pre-season games at the start of this term could well be the last played under the present system. It has been suggested, and it is not a bad idea, that such games should be staged for charity only like in Scotland. This might cut down all those silly games between teams from just the other side of town. Of course, as I once hit out at dull practice games between probables and possibles from the same club such friendlies whoever they be against, are welcome. You just can't win, can you?

Illustrate

His departure was greeted by manager George Eastham with the comment: "I was very disappointed at his going. I felt he and Scott (another former Whites player who left Grosvenor at the end of last season) had been given a good chance and had everything to gain by staying. This business of first-team players walking out at the end of each season makes Irish football a farce and until something is done about it the standard will not improve."

Disappointment or not Curley went to Glentoran and it will be for the Glens that he appears throughout this season. Curley put the Grosvenor Park outfit into the European Cup with a great goal against Linfield in the League play-off. He knows what to expect every time he turns out at the Whites ground. Before the Glens first game of the season (against Distillery) he was reported to have said, "They'll be giving me the stick, and I know how they feel".

However, as a professional footballer he felt that the Oval club were offering him better terms and he had to accept. He is, needless to say, disappointed at not getting the Benfica trip but soccer, as he should know, is soccer and big business.

A few last words on the Curley, Scott saga from manager Eastham: "Obviously their going was a setback but I still reckon my team will be stronger this season. Several youngsters will have another year's experience and strength behind them.

"If necessary the replacement of the two departed players can be done without new signings."

Two young players Eastham has great hopes of are John Anderson and Tommy Hamilton, both have been seeking their opportunities for first-team duty and with the Ulster Flier back in action the Whites have little worries yet.

An interesting fact came to light with the transfer of Bobby Braithwaite and international goalkeeper Bobby Irvine to English clubs during the summer. Their fees finally helped Linfield to pay off the debt on their Windsor Park floodlights.

Until they erected their lights — among the best in British football — at a cost of £15,000 several seasons ago, the Blues were in a happy financial position. Since the lights went up the team has had a long uphill struggle to get out of the red. Now they are free of their worries and faces are smiling again in the Linfield offices.

With the departure of player-manager Geoff Twentyman to Carlisle Ballymena United could also be free from debt. If they sell the house Twentyman was living in they could, in one swift swoop, get the club into a profit-showing section. There

● *Continued on page 32*

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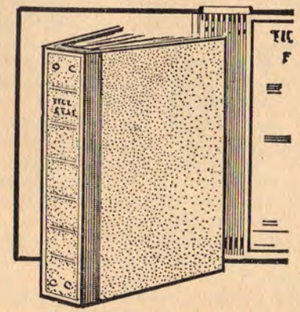

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COSMOPOLITAN CLUB WHO STEAL THE AUSSIE HONOURS

Australian Round-up by ANDREW DETTRE

Another of Sydney's colourful sides is APIA, who finished second behind Prague. Back row left to right: Van Blerk (South African), Fagan (Scot), Cossettini (Italian), McKellar (Scot), Marston (Australian), Iglesias (Spanish). Front: Giacometti (Italian), Wong (Malayan), Jaros (Austrian), Bottallico (Italian) and Hughes (Scot). (O.)

APIA of Sydney are supported mainly by Italian migrants and they had an average gate of 7,500 spectators during 1963 season.

★ ★ ★

The Manager of APIA is Scot Bob Walker who has been living in Sydney for more than 25 years.

★ ★ ★

Former West Bromwich Albion and Wrexham winger Grenville Jones is now a formidable stopper centre-half with the Sydney champions Prague.

★ ★ ★

Favourites to win the inter-state championship trophy Prague will be keen to take the first prize of £3,000 donated by a tobacco company.

★ ★ ★

Polonia receive considerable assistance from the Polish Olympic Committee in exchange for financial aid for the country's Tokyo entry.

★ ★ ★

The Peruvian Olympic team is due to tour Australia in November.

WEEKS of uncertainty have vanished with the announcement that the Australian tour of Peru's Olympic team in November would take place after all. They will play eight matches in the various capital cities against State sides as well as an Australian team.

Very little is known of Peru's amateur strength and the only guide is their results in the 1960 Olympics. And that is not a terribly encouraging proof of their standard: they lost 6-2 to Hungary and then even to France before drawing with India.

Still, they are likely to play an entertaining brand of football in the true Latin American style and should draw good gates.

In January the current Swiss champions FC Zurich will stop-over in Sydney and Melbourne for two matches on their way to the U.S.A. and then in early February the all-blue and star-studded Dynamo Zagreb will play also two matches, after their tour of Indonesia. The Yugoslavs, with such internationals as Markovic, Perusic, Knez, Zambata and Jerkovic represent top European class and will probably have an easy task.

However, Australia takes her international engagements seriously and officials are eager to field a representative team against all these visitors who can hold their own. Training camps will be staged for a twenty-two-man squad which will include migrant players from many countries of Europe and South America.

The various State championships are drawing to an end. In Sydney with one round to go, Prague have a five-point lead and now celebrate their fourth title in five years—a truly fine achievement. This cosmopolitan club is head and shoulders above the others and plays really modern, efficient and fast football. Despite the presence of many experienced veterans, their brightest star is 21-year-old Roy Blitz, a superb right-winger, who two years ago played for Fulham's juniors. In the past twelve months this tall, clever and fast boy has developed into a brilliant winger and should be able to walk into most English First Division teams. Former Barcelona player and Sabadell coach Nick Czegedi, now in Sydney, claims Blitz could become a sensation in a really top European team.

Also in Prague are former Fulham full-back John Bond, a Scot Brian Tristram, a former Doncaster junior Stuart Sherwin, the ex-Wrexham winger Grenville Jones (now their stopper!) as well as Australia's greatest goalie, Ron Lord, and two very clever Argentine forwards, Luis Gauto (ex-de la Plata) and Norberto Badaracco (ex-Calli of Bogota).

In Adelaide, where standards are somewhat lower, the Italian-run Juventus won the championship while in Brisbane the fast, energetic and mainly Australian-composed Hellenic came first. The issue is still open in Melbourne where the Yugoslav J.U.S.T. and Polonia will fight it out. Polonia this year have been greatly strengthed by the arrival of a number of excellent players from Poland, sent out on an exchange basis by the Polish Olympic Committee. They help this migrant club with soccer players in return for the Polish community's financial aid towards sending the Polish team to the Tokyo Olympics.

Zientara and Jankowski, two of their best, were capped for Poland dozens of times and it was the tall Jankowski who starred for Gornik in Warsaw against Tottenham Hotspur in their European Cup tie two years ago. Other very useful Polish players include Janczyk, Putkowski and Jureczki, all formerly with First Division Polish clubs.

Stopper

The J.U.S.T. side's main strength also lies in Yugoslav imports like Rasic, Stankovic and Mladenovic. However, their Scottish stopper, Billy Rice, had just as much to do with their rise to the top as anybody else.

When all State championships have ended, the top four teams from each State will take part in a knock-out cup tourney sponsored by the Australian Federation and a tobacco company. With first prize being £3,000, interest in this cup will be high throughout October.

In football one is reluctant to make predictions. However, if Prague can maintain their present brilliant form, it is hard to see any other team take this cup away from them.

LET THE MANAGER HAVE A FREE HAND

A plea for justice by TOM JAGGER

SOCCER club managers are becoming ten a penny in England today. One day they are mighty powerful, and in office. The next day they are flung out on their necks.

It is a system which is moving gradually from the farcical to the fantastic, and bringing English soccer into international disrepute.

Countries who for centuries have studied and followed the English lead in all trends of the game are beginning to wonder if there is a lack of leadership at the top.

And it's not surprising when one glances at the amazing list of managerial changes within the last few years.

For, believe it or not, more than half of the ninety-two English League clubs have had second thoughts about their managers in just a five-year period.

It's not a malady that affects only one section. Clubs in all divisions and in all parts of the country seem to be bitten by the same bug.

That's proved up to the hilt when one cogitates further upon the situation and realises that among those in this musical-chairs act are the richest and the poorest.

Big changes

Let's look back quickly. You'll be staggered to note a few of the clubs who have changed their bosses within a comparatively short time — Everton, West Bromwich, Arsenal, Chelsea, Liverpool, Leyton Orient, Sheffield Wednesday, Birmingham City, Aston Villa, Nottingham Forest, Sheffield Utd., Ipswich Town, Blackpool, Manchester City, Charlton Athletic, Newcastle Utd., Middlesbrough, Preston North End, Hull City, Portsmouth, Norwich City, Brighton, Leeds Utd., Grimsby Town, Scunthorpe Utd., Port Vale, Walsall, Notts County, Mansfield Town, Bournemouth, Cardiff City, Chester, Crewe, Bury, Tranmere, Rochdale, Stockport County, Workington, Bradford, Southport, Oldham Athletic, Crystal Palace, Watford, Peterborough, Northampton Town, Reading, Plymouth, and Walsall.

Not all were fired. Oh, dear no. Many of the managers in that list walked out of their own accord. They were thoroughly fed up.

But fed up with what? With interference from directors.

That's what is behind ninety per cent of these soccer club upheavals. Directors, generally recruited from local business circles, appoint a professional man to manage, and then refuse to let him get on with the job — unless he does it their way the whole time.

These directors think they know the game better than those who have played it and studied it for a living. So they want so-and-so in or out of the team, and so on.

I know one board-room where eleven directors sit around the table, and the meeting opens with the chairman asking the manager to name his team for the next match.

The manager, knowing the drill after years of quiet suffering, writes it down on a sheet of paper, and the chairman reads it out.

That's when the fun starts. For the board then proceeds to actually vote upon each position!

When they have agreed upon the goalkeeper, for instance, they move over to right-back, then left-back, and so on.

This particular manager, explaining his little Hell-on-earth to me, the other day, said: "Many's the time when at least three players I wanted in the team are thrown out for some director's particular favourite."

Yes, they have favourites, these biased rulers of the game in England. And they know how to play their hands when they've slipped up.

I'm thinking now of one famous club chairman who persuaded the board to sign a certain Irish player at a hefty fee, then realised the player would never make the top grade.

But, to save his own face, he insisted in playing him for twelve matches. So that later he was able to say that, after all, they got some useful service out of the lad.

It never came out that it was a chairman signing. Not on your life. Everybody was left to think that the manager had slipped up badly, and, of course, he couldn't deny the rumour unless he was ready to face the firing squad.

But that's just a part of the story of what goes on behind the scenes. There are also directors who dictate tactics on the strength of once having played for their school or their college.

And there are others who give dressing-room pep talks with the puppet manager standing at the door.

Can you wonder that many managers break under the strain, and pack up while the going's good?

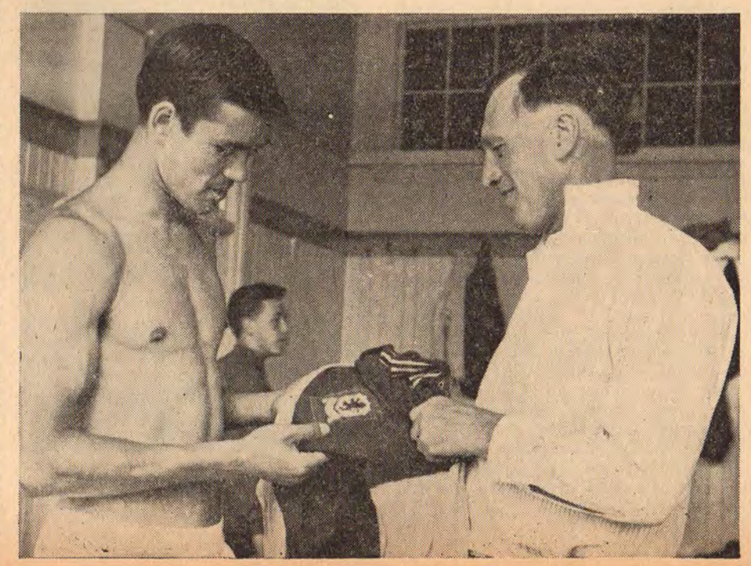
They write finis to £3,000-a-year contracts and go into pub management or some small industrial job rather than pick up a fat wage packet for being a puppet.

There are others who seem gluttons for punishment. Look at Jack Rowley, Johnny Carey, and Leslie McDowall. They've all three had it tough enough in all conscience. But they came back for more.

Rowley, fired first by Plymouth, and then by Oldham, is now going to guide the fortunes of Ajax, the famous Dutch club of Amsterdam. Carey, with whom Everton parted company, has been trying his luck with Leyton Orient until he was appointed manager of Nottingham Forest. And McDowall, quitting the Manchester City hot seat, took over the reins at Oldham within a fortnight of leaving Maine Road.

There is just one slight silver lining to all this. Not *every* club rings the changes. For instance, Manchester United have had only one manager since the war — Matt Busby. Bolton have had their fortunes guided by Bill Ridding for years. And Wolves have had Stan Cullis at the helm an equally long time.

What's more, all those three clubs have had a good share of the game's biggest prizes. Between them, they have been in no fewer than eight Cup finals in the last fifteen years. And six championships have gone their way.



Aston Villa manager Joe Mercer shows his close-season signing from Notts County centre-forward Tony Hateley a new club badge on his arrival at the club's headquarters. (W.I.)

In this Month's South American Commentary the latest positions in the Continent's domestic leagues are discussed at some length

CHAMPIONS CURIOUS SEASON

by **GORDON JEFFERY**

IT'S the half-way mark in the Argentinian League season, and the indications are that the second half of the season will be full of excitement, both in the fight at the top of the table for the Championship, and in the struggle to avoid the penultimate spot. Even Gimnasia y Esgrima de la Plata, set firm on the bottom with only five points from drawn matches and with the next clubs to them four who each have ten points, even Gimnasia cannot be yet condemned to bottom place.

The unlucky Gimnasia although they have yet to gain their first win, either drew their first eight matches or were never more than a single goal in arrears. In their ninth match they were decidedly beaten by three goals to nil but that was by the Championship challengers, Independiente. In their next match there was again a three-goal margin of defeat for Gimnasia — but that, by four goals to one, was to the leaders, River Plate. And in their three matches since then, Gimnasia have twice drawn and once again lost by a single goal!

If, in other words, Gimnasia had scored just one more goal in eleven of their thirteen matches, they would have accumulated sixteen and not only five points, and been in a strong position in the table but four points behind the leaders. Instead they are five points behind any other club.

Just one more goal per match — but goals per match have remained as sparse throughout this first half of the season as they were during the opening matches. I commented then (WORLD SOCCER, *August*) that "twenty-two of the thirty-five matches have produced three or less goals". That I make to be a little under 63 per cent of the total of matches. Now, after ninety-one matches have been played, the position remains very much the same with fifty-six of the matches (that is rather less than 62 per cent) producing three or less goals. There have been *two* or less goals scored in very nearly half of the matches (forty-two of the ninety-one) and the scoring rate per *match* is below three (actually 2.9).

Nonetheless, although they seem unlikely to see many goals being scored, Argentinian fans can, I repeat, look forward with some justification to an exciting second half of the season — with far more justification than had seemed likely a couple of months ago. River Plate had set a hot pace and after seven matches had put a useful three points between themselves and the second club, Independiente. Both were still unbeaten but Independiente had drawn four of their matches, River Plate only one of theirs. The next two matches for each club, however, saw River held to draws in both whilst Independiente gained a maximum four points. Thus, at the point where this monthly commentary picks up the story, River lead Independiente by only one point, Atlanta were a further single point behind Independiente in third place, and then followed Argentinos Juniors and Estudiantes with eleven points each and Racing with ten.

In the tenth stage matches, River got back to winning, as distinct from drawing, ways with a four-one victory over poor Gimnasia (they had finished third in the table last season) but Independiente suffered their first defeat of the season. It was the reigning champions Boca Juniors who inflicted the odd goal in five defeat. Boca have had a curious season in which they had failed to gain two wins in successive matches such that every time their supporters came away from a victory, and felt that Boca's revival was at hand, the following week found them plunged into gloom again with another defeat.

URUGUAYAN STAR

Angel Cabrera the Uruguayan international winger of Penarol is an experienced player who went to Chile with the World Cup party. He is in his early twenties. (Metelmann.)

In their eighth match, for example, they had beaten Gimnasia but in their next Estudiantes beat them 3-1. It was their turn, therefore, for a win when they met Independiente — and win they did. Atlanta also won to move above Independiente into second place but the fourth and fifth clubs, Argentinos Juniors and Estudiantes, both lost. The latter to the much-improved Racing. The former to the promoted club Banfield — this was Banfield's overdue first win of the season and it was by the very comfortable margin of five goals to nil! As a result of these matches Racing had moved up to fourth place and Boca had joined Argentinos and Estudiantes in fifth place.

Contradictory

Curiously the next week's matches brought six of the top seven clubs into conflict with each other — and the results generally were as contradictory as form has been in Argentina throughout the season. Independiente, for example, thrashed by Banfield, got a point from River Plate. Atlanta might therefore have closed the gap between themselves and the leaders to a single point — except that they were themselves beaten by Estudiantes who had the week previous lost to Racing. Racing for their part continued their excellent recovery as they beat Boca — returning to their win, lose, win, lose sequence — by two goals to nil.

The seventh club, Argentinos Juniors, had a fixture with bottom of the table Gimnasia and the obvious opportunity to cash in on the mutual clashes of the top six — instead they could only draw one-all. River were thus back to their three point lead: Independiente and Atlanta were together in second place but Racing were now only a single point behind that pair. Banfield incidentally failed to maintain their winning form and lost one-nil to San Lorenzo.

Again, in the twelfth week, the top clubs found themselves in opposition but, with one massive exception, the results were more predictable, even if the goals came late in two of the matches. Independiente, for example, were trailing a goal down to Argentinos Juniors until the very last minute when a somewhat lucky equaliser gave them a very useful point. Racing meanwhile were playing Atlanta and although they beat them by two goals to nil both goals came in the last five minutes at which time Atlanta were playing with only ten men. Olienak and Sacchi from a penalty were Racing's scorers but the result might have been different had Conde not missed a penalty for Atlanta in the first half.

A last-minute goal was also all-important in a match played between two of the bottom of the table clubs, Gimnasia and San Lorenzo. It was, need I say, Gimnasia who conceded the goal! Carrotti scored it to give San Lorenzo a one-nil win and to lift them above Rosario Central, Chacarita Juniors and Velez Sarsfield (and, of course, Gimnasia) at the bottom of the table.

All of these matches, however, paled into insignificance beside the one between River Plate and Boca Juniors. Sixty-five thousand spectators turned up to watch this clash between the leaders and the champions — and paid over £16,000 which, incidentally, was three-quarters of the total receipts from all seven First Division matches played that day! River's recent form had been suspect — only that four-one win over Gimnasia disturbed a sequence of draws against Huracan, Velez Sarsfield, Banfield and Independiente. Boca, as mentioned above, had shown more fluctuating form and their recent sequence was LOST (0-3 to Rosario — their only win); WON (1-0 over Gimnasia); LOST (1-3 to Estudiantes); WON (3-2 to Independiente — their only defeat); LOST (0-2 to Racing).

Boca's sequence spoke for a win therefore but, in truth, it was not the sequence but the return of Valentim their Brazilian centre-forward that clinched a tense struggle in their favour. That, and perhaps the muddy conditions of the pitch — something I mention especially for the benefit of any new readers who may have been misled into believing that only British teams have to play in the mud! Velentim's considerable part in Boca's two goals to nil win was that he notched both goals, one in each half and the second of them from the penalty spot.

The effect of these matches was to again reduce River's lead to two points and to bring Racing into third place with the same number of points but an inferior goal average as Independiente. There remained one more round of matches before the half-way mark was reached. Precise details of these are not available at the time of writing but the bare results (from which I have completed the half-way table that accompanies this commentary) make interesting reading. River seem to have effectively discounted any ideas that they were slipping by trouncing Argentinos Juniors by five goals to nil.

Independiente, even if only by a single goal to nil win over San Lorenzo, have kept in touch with the leaders but Racing broke their sequence of successive wins (three of them, all by the same score of two goals to nil) and only drew one-all with Huracan (the "draw" champions of Argentina with eight in thirteen matches!). Boca, too, appear to have been exhausted by their efforts against River and slumped to a three-nil defeat against Atlanta — or are Boca committed to their win-lose sequence? Estudiantes, the only other club with an outside chance of the championship, were also beaten — 3-1 by Velez Sarsfield.

Argentina's well-established season was worth looking at in some detail. Some of the other South American Leagues can only be afforded less space — taking them alphabetically, we might look at Brazil (the Rio region), Chile and Uruguay.

Boca Juniors, who shocked Uruguayan Champions Penarol in the South American Club Cup, met Flamengo (Brazil) at the Maracana Stadium and drew 2-2. In this picture Rico of Boca stops the hooped shirted Flamengo forward Dida. In a stormy match Orlando (Flamengo) was ordered off. (Planet.)

As usual there is an odd number of clubs in the Rio League — thirteen of them — so that each week six League matches are played and one club "rests". First to officially rest were the champions, Botafogo. Then the next week, when they should have been playing Bonsucesso, they were still touring around the South American continent in Champions Cup matches. The few and the uneven number of matches played makes any comment on future prospects immature in Rio but after five weeks, Flamengo and Fluminense remain the unbeaten clubs. Goals, too, as I noted a month ago after the first round of matches had been played, have continued since then to be refreshingly plentiful with Vasco, Flamengo and America notching five in a match and Botafogo six. Botafogo incidentally are making good progress in the South American Club Championship, together with Boca Juniors and Penarol and, the current champions, Santos — but more of this next month.

Revival

Last month I mentioned Colo Colo's revival in Chile and this continues. The Chilean League as a whole seems also to have got a little out of tidy order, partly — as in Rio — because of Universidad de Chile's South American Cup matches. Colo Colo, however, having got their noses in front when they beat U. de Chile by two goals to nil, have stayed in front. I had been about to write that they had stayed *serenely* in front until I realised that some readers might have thought I was punning badly — the present nearest challengers to Colo Colo, with eighteen points they are three in arrears, are La Serena who have recently chalked up useful victories over Everton (4-1) and Palestino (3-0). Ferro-badminton who, a month ago, were close behind Colo Colo, have slipped badly, losing not only to Colo Colo themselves but also to Santiago Morning in recent weeks. Universidad de Chile stay in the race in third place, one point behind La Serena, and Wanderers and the Universidad Catolica are three points behind Universidad de Chile. Matches in hand, however, can perhaps alter the look of the league in another month's commentary.

In Uruguay the fixture list remains tidy despite Penarol's participation in the Champions Cup. True not much was asked of them to tackle the Ecuadorian champions, Everest, and after winning 5-0 in Guayaquil it was no real surprise when Penarol sauntered home in Montevideo by the handsome score of nine goals to one. Alberto Spencer is still Penarol's goal-scorer in chief — he got four in the first half when Penarol led by five goals to nil, and one more in the second. Right-half Matosas scored twice in the second half and the right-wing pair, Abbadie and Rocha, got one apiece. Centre-forward Sasia was without a goal to his credit — and that, out of nine scored, must be a rare occurrence for a centre-forward!

Back in the routine of League matches in Uruguay, however, Penarol are slipping slowly backwards behind their old rivals Nacional. The position when I last looked at the League in detail in this feature was that Nacional led with seven points, Penarol had six, Racing five, and four clubs had four — Rampla Juniors, Cerro, Danubio and Defensor. Now with eight matches played — one to go to reach the halfway mark, Nacional have got fourteen points, and second place is shared by four clubs with ten points apiece — Penarol, Rampla Juniors, Racing and Defensor. Penarol had a fine chance of gaining ground on Nacional when the latter

● *Continued on page 31*

Our correspondent chooses his eleven best players for the past year

Is this really the best selection?

YACHIN (Dynamo Moscow & Russia)
DJALMA SANTOS (Palmeiras & Brazil) YUSUFI (Partizan & Yugoslavia)
COLUNA (Benfica & Portugal) MALDINI (Milan AC & Italy) BAXTER (Rangers & Scotland)
PELE (Santos FC & Brazil) PUSKAS (R. Madrid & Spain)
KOPA (Reims & France) DI STEFANO (R.M. & Spain) SUAREZ (Inter & Spain)

England meets the Rest of the World team at Wembley this month

ERIC BATTY writes . . .

SINCE WORLD SOCCER first started it's been my privilege at this time every year to nominate the eleven best players of the past twelve months. I've never pretended that my chosen team would blend well, nor suggested a tactical plan for my stars. All I have done is to put forward the names of the eleven men who in my view have been outstanding.

Naturally all the players who've figured in the three teams I've named to date would be strong contestants for a World XI, but this year the task has an added interest by virtue of the England v. F.I.F.A. match which will be staged at Wembley this month.

Overall I would say that five, perhaps six of my team will find a place at Wembley—no more. This may surprise some people, though in fact it shouldn't for while I look for class above all else, the four "selectors" acting for F.I.F.A. have obviously been influenced by reputations, and Fernando Riera the man nominated to take charge of the World XI is no doubt anxious to field a team that will win well and thereby enhance his professional reputation.

In goal I can find only two real candidates, Lev Yachin of Moscow Dynamo and Russia, and Gylmar of Santos FC and Brazil. There's little to choose between them, Yachin acrobatic and adventurous; Gylmar superbly confident and always in the right place, but the Brazilian gets my vote perhaps because he had a greater opportunity to shine than Yachin, when touring Europe with a very disappointing Brazilian side in the spring.

Not long ago it was virtually impossible to find a World Class full-back—and in fact when F.I.F.A. met England ten years ago, they were forced to field a wing-half (Hanappi) at left-back, and carry Navarro on the right flank despite his obvious failings, yet now we have quite a few possibles. Brazil provides two — Djalma Santos and Nilton Santos the pair that did duty in the last World Cup, while West Germany's Schnellinger, Chile's Eyzaguirre and Czechoslovakia's Novak all make strong claims. I give my vote to Djalma Santos (Palmeiras and Brazil) and one who will not figure on many lists—Sahrudin Yusufi (Partizan Belgrade and Yugoslavia).

They are both ball artists bringing to full-back the flair and ingenuity one usually finds only in attack, yet at the same time they give nothing away in their defensive tasks. The easiest position this time is the stopper for Milan's Maldini is clearly in a class of his own. Tall and commanding, he is ideally built for a centre-half, is uncomprising in his attitude towards opponents yet usually manages to remain calm even in the tightest situation.

It's rare indeed to find a constructive stopper, and Maldini comes closest to it of all those I've seen in the last twelve months and with Benfica's Germano *hors de combat* the Italian is an almost automatic choice as indeed he will be for F.I.F.A.

I might add, however, that had it not been for Germano's knee injury that has kept him inactive for almost an entire year, I feel sure I would have retained him from my 1962 team.

Schemer

At wing-half we have two clear choices with 4-2-4 dominating the World scene. If we want to go along with the tacticians here we should take one defensive player and a midfield schemer on the other flank, but bearing in mind that class comes first I reject all the defensive wing-halves automatically. I have three names among my possibles all currently figuring on the left flank for their clubs—Coluna (Benfica), Masopust (Dukla) and Baxter (Glasgow Rangers).

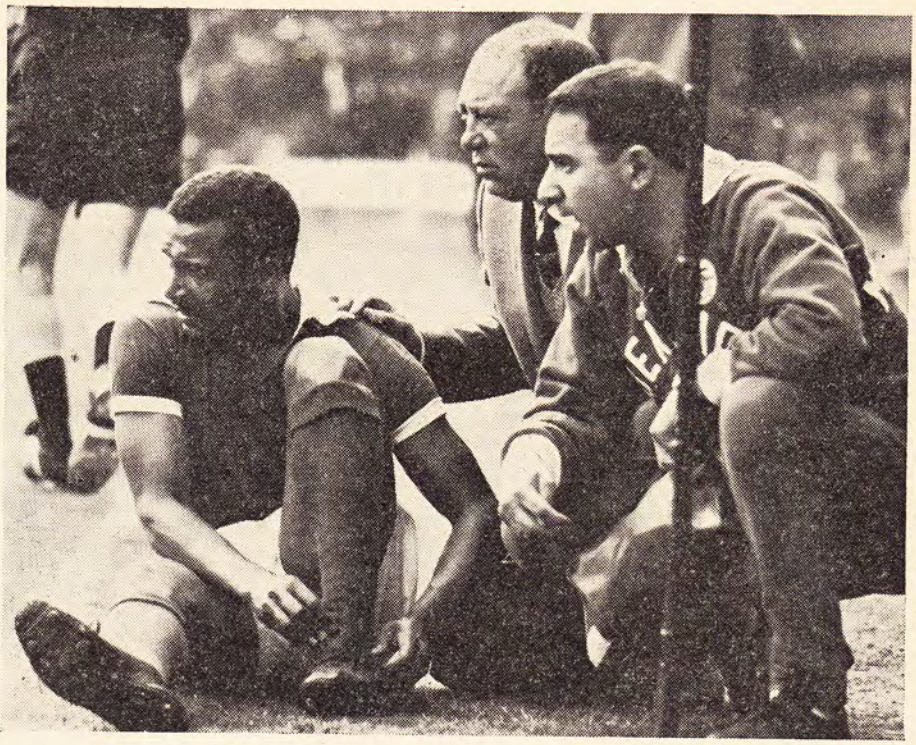
Though I fail completely to understand why, Mario Coluna is one of the world's most under-rated players. Equally at home at wing-half or inside-forward Coluna has everything, and though not a regular scorer he has that priceless touch—the ability to grab a goal when his team needs one most. With both his rivals predominantly left-footed Coluna goes in at right-half, leaving Masopust and Baxter for the other place. Baxter, big strong and certainly talented gets my vote largely because Masopust has gone back considerably since last year. At his "Chile peak" I would take Masopust for his greater experience, but judged on '63 performances it must be Baxter.

Eric Batty considers Jimmy Baxter to be the outstanding left-half among the players selected for the Rest of the World party to meet England at Wembley this month. (Planet)

In attack we find all the problems, and I feel sure that if there are to be many arguments about my selections, the vast majority will arise from this department. As I see it there's hardly a good orthodox winger anywhere in the world—plenty of fair players, good club men, but no one with sufficient ability to make him stand out.

On the left particularly, Real Madrid's Francisco Gento has been on his own for several years—not really because he's a great player, but because he has no real opposition. On the right it's a similar story —Garrincha being in a class all his own in June, 1962, but now after his strike

Mario Coluna is our writer's choice for the right-half position in his best team over the period discussed. Here the Benfica star receives attention on the touch-line during the European Cup Final at Wembley. (Metelmann)



when Botafogo refused to transfer him to a European club, tubbier in stature and in skill a mere shadow of the man who earned himself such a wide following between '58 and '62.

In my view there isn't a winger anywhere who really measures up to the required standard, and therefore I prefer to leave them out of the reckoning and "convert" two outstanding stars who would otherwise be left out.

On the right wing I take Raymond Kopa who would in fact perform with distinction anywhere in attack. Often switched to the wing by Reims and France, some may prefer him there but he gets his place for the superb exhibition he put on at Sheffield nearly a year ago when he led France to a 1-1 (moral) victory against England.

For inside-forward Eusebio would be a certain choice for a large percentage of "amateur selectors" but to me the Angola-born Benfica star is still very immature. The same applies to Rivera of AC Milan who flits into the game brilliantly but has not yet learned to control events. Eusebio plays for himself and Rivera lacks experience, and that I believe will make me the odd man out for I still prefer Di Stefano to be the architect of my side, with Pele on his right. Rivera obviously has great potential but in my view he's still an apprentice compared with Don Alfredo, and the same conclusion must be arrived at after comparing Eusebio with Pele. Many people have dubbed the Benfica man "the European Pele" but it simply isn't true. Pele at his best is magnificent, a real prince among footballers—a Black Pearl, while Eusebio is no more than a Brown bomber.

At inside-left I'll still go along with the galloping major—Real's Ferenc Puskas. Slower now, but still with no equal in front of goal, Puskas is the most closely guarded man in Spain. Everyone knows he's the Real punch man, they scheme to cut him out every week yet when the mathematicians added up the figures last June he was still the top goalgetter in Spain.

Finally, the left-wing where I prefer Luis Suarez of Inter (and Spain) to Gento, Sanchez or Meshki. The brains of the Italian champions' attack. Suarez was seriously troubled by a knee injury after gaining Europe's top annual award, but now he's playing better than ever, and he should certainly have gained a Wembley place if the F.I.F.A. selectors hadn't been dwelling too much on the reputations made in the last World Cup.

Request

The way I see it, the World team to play at Wembley is going to be a businesslike affair, drawn up largely by Fernando Riera from the list of players chosen by the F.I.F.A. men. At his request three players were added to the group nominated some months ago, Yachin, Di Stefano and Sanchez, and presumably these three are certain starters.

Yachin has been too good for too long for me to quarrel with his nomination; Di Stefano I take as automatic, and to be quite fair about it a flyer like Sanchez is a useful man to have in any side—if you want to win. This however brings me to the biggest criticism I have of the likely F.I.F.A. team. The selectors, as amateur selectors so often do, have named their players on their reputations and *not on ability*. How else could anyone naming the twenty-nine best players in the world leave out men like Di Stefano, Coluna and Suarez? Either they don't know their football or they are out of touch with the game! However, this is merely the first point, for complicating the issue from F.I.F.A's point of view they have named a team manager who naturally wants to win, while I fervently believe that this occasion, the match to celebrate 100 years of football in England, should be an exhibition.

I don't care who wins but I would like to see a match that bears comparison with the 90th birthday game back in 1953 when an attacking F.I.F.A. team produced some of the most delightful football ever seen at Wembley. The result that day was 4-4 thanks mainly to some shocking mistakes in the F.I.F.A. defence but that doesn't matter. After seeing Boniperti, Kubala, Nordahl, Vukas and Zebec carve out patterns and goal chances like the masters of old, thousands at the game and countless millions watching on television became convinced that football wasn't strangling itself in mediocrity—that there really was hope that skill could still triumph over speed, and guile pay a bigger dividend than the sharp direct dash for goal.

MILAN'S CHIEF "SPY" CHECKS ON RIVALS

NILS Liedholm, Milan's youth coach and chief "spy", has been in South America checking on the form shown by the finalists in the South American Cup for Clubs — Santos (Brazil) and Boca Juniors (Argentina).

The winners of this final meet Milan for the World Cup for Clubs trophy, now held by Santos.

Dates suggested for this home and away final have been October 16 and 30.

New Signing

While in South America, Liedholm learned that his club had transferred the Peruvian Benitez to Genoa and had some spare lire. He lost no time in signing up Gallardo, an inside-forward from Peru's Sporting Cristal, for an equivalent amount of some £64,000.

The restriction on foreigners with Italian clubs makes for some deft manipulation of overseas talent between local clubs.

A further indication of the difficulties experienced by these clubs appears earlier in this issue in the article which deals with the plight Milan's rivals Internazionale are in over too many foreigners.

S. American Commentary from page 29

dropped a rare point in a goalless match against Racing but on the same day Penarol were themselves being beaten by Wanderers. Then, when the two great clubs of Uruguay in recent years played each other, it was Nacional who gained the one-nil victory.

At the HALF-WAY MARK IN ARGENTINA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
River Plate	13	8	4	1	32	12	20
Independiente	13	6	6	1	25	11	18
Racing	13	6	5	2	22	13	17
Atlanta	13	8	1	4	22	16	17
Est. de la Plata	13	6	3	4	22	20	15
Boca Juniors	13	5	3	5	17	18	13
Argentinos Jrs.	13	4	5	4	15	24	13
Velez Sarsfield	13	3	6	4	19	21	12
Huracan	13	2	8	3	15	18	12
Banfield	13	2	6	5	16	17	10
Rosario Central	13	2	6	5	16	21	10
San Lorenzo	13	4	2	7	18	27	10
Chacarita Juniors	13	3	4	6	15	24	10
Gim.y de la Plata	13	0	5	8	9	21	5

Norrkoping IFK were Pool D of Group 2 winners in this year's Rappan Cup. Included in this team group are skipper Ake "Bajdoff" Johansson (arm raised) and goalkeeper Zamora Nyholm the Swedish international in the all dark strip. (Planet.)

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY

● *Continued from page 13*

played, however, the position in each sub-group was such that goal-average might well have been as important as in Group One Pool B. In Pool A, for example, Rapid home to Djurgarden had a two point lead over PSV Eindhoven home to Neumunster — both won so Rapid maintained their two point lead. In Pool B, Bayern Munich led by one point from Vienna — and the two clubs had to play their last match against each other in Munich. Bayern won by the odd goal in three.

The last match reversals of pre-match placings came in Pools C and D and in both cases the reversals favoured the Swedish clubs, Orgryte and Norrkoping. After five matches the former were level on points with the West German club, Pirmassens, and the two had to meet in Goteborg. Earlier in West Germany, Pirmassens had beaten Orgryte by five goals to one. Now, however, not only did the Swedish club have their home advantage, they had Agne Simonsson back in action for them for his first match after his return from a rather unhappy sojourn with Real Madrid. (Not that he need grieve that he was not able to fit into Real's pattern — neither did that superlative player, Didi!)

Against Pirmassens, Simonsson made it plain to the Swedish fans (and to the national selectors) that he had still the potential that had sent him to the top in his pre-Spain days, as he scored three of the goals by which Orgryte won 4-1. In Pool D Ajax, before the final matches, headed Norrkoping with a much superior goal average. They had, however, to travel to Austria to play the then victory-less Schwechat, whilst Norrkoping were home to the West Berlin club, Tasmania. Norrkoping, with an eye on their goal-average, won by three goals to nil — but a single goal, or even a draw, would have sufficed as Ajax were beaten 5-2.

Goal averages and last match "deciders" also abounded in Group Three. In Pool C, for example, all four clubs had the same number of points — five — with a match to play! In these final matches Red Star Belgrade beat Vorwarts by two goals to nil but Polonia Bytom did better to beat the Czech runners-up in their national league, Jednota Trencin, by three goals to nil. In Pool D, Poland gained their second success when Odra Opole, a point behind SONP Kladno, beat that Czech club 4-0 in the final match.

The Czechs themselves gained two winners in the Bratislava pair — Slovnaft (the holders) and Slovan, whilst Yugoslavia although fairly strongly represented had, like the Netherlands in Group Two, to go bare. The Netherlands clubs between them incidentally gathered four more points than did Sweden's four clubs — yet Sweden have two clubs going into the next round and the Netherlands not one! It is, I think, the overall comparative table of matches played and points gained by the countries that reveals the closeness even more than does a comparison of the sharing out of group winners. Italy, allowing credit for their match in hand, take top place above France in such an overall table:

	P.	Pts.
Italy	23	29
France	24	29
Poland	24	28
Czechoslovakia	23	27
Austria	24	27
Yugoslavia	24	26
W. Germany	24	25
Netherlands	24	24
Belgium	22	23
Sweden	24	20
E. Germany	23	13
Switzerland	23	11

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

● *Continued from page 25*

are not many clubs in the League who could say that. With no future full-time boss in mind the Antrim team will be doing their selling soon.

Some time ago Linfield went to East Germany to play Vorwaerts in the European Cup. Their trip behind the wall and the game created much interest both in Ulster and in Germany. But when the East Germans had to pay the Blues the return trip politics raised an ugly head and the trip was not allowed. Linfield, for the second year running in the case of the Northern Ireland representatives, had to bow out of the Cup and the Germans went forward.

Now there is talk of the German team paying the return trip — now that the cold war and general situation have calmed down slightly.

Linfield made a big impression on the Germans and they are anxious to play the return match. With their trip through the border Linfield may have gained much prestige but they were considerably out of pocket and this planned return trip would help matters a great deal. The Vorwaerts team are in the East German Army and with all the publicity being attached to sport and facilities being granted to Communist countries and their teams people will be interested in what the Germans have to offer.

Enthusiasm

The news that Ards and Derry City are bringing back their reserves will be greeted with enthusiasm by the soccer world in Ulster. The clubs spent the close-season signing players for their teams and the return after some seasons out in the cold should be a happy one.

While Derry City struggle through trying to keep top-class soccer going in the North of Ulster it seems that the press in Belfast are trying to stir things up for the Brandywell boys. It was reported recently that all the Belfast clubs (and that includes Glentoran and Linfield) were complaining about the long journeys they had to make throughout the season to play Derry City. Well, unless Derry dropped out of the League (Lord forbid) I don't see what they could do about it. I asked all the clubs in Belfast who were supposed to have complained and they all said "daft" to the suggestion that they did not want to go north. If the trip is good enough for Portadown, Bangor, Ards, and Glenavon then it is good enough for the Belfast outfits. So come off it scribes and give the Derry team a chance.

At Seaview the Crues are at the time of writing getting down to serious training under new manager Jimmy Murdough. Let's hope he brings more success down the Shore Road than some others before him.

And so that is that for this month. As I explained at the start it has been a quiet period but perhaps by the time I sit down to write my next article lots of things will have happened.

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

● *Continued from page 8*

won them the title. Gusti Jordan, "temporary" French coach, is still in command, and with Istvan Sztani finally declining the offers he received from Germany there are no well-known newcomers and few departures.

Three former favourites at the Stade de Sclessin have moved, however—to Charleroi, a popular retreat nowadays with Standard men. Michel Delire and Maurice Bolzee have joined Olimpic while Paul Bonga Bonga has been signed by SC Charleroi.

Though Belgian rules still lean towards amateurism and home-produced players an international brigade is slowly being built up. FC Bruges lead the way in this direction for while recently parting with their Rumanian-born coach, Norbert Hoffling (to Feijenoord) they have replaced him with the Hungarian Schwanner. Among the players are Zanetic (Yugoslavia), Essamba and Kabeya (both from the Congo) and Baranyi (Hungary). Doyen of them all, however, is Yugoslav recruit Loske—his father was German and his mother American!

FRANCE

THE Kopa scandal continues to spotlight the long standing quarrel between the UNFP (Players Union) and the League. Kopa, now a UNFP Vice-President, was "disciplined" after writing Slavery articles and the players struggle on, probably via a strike to their aim—the right to negotiate individual contracts. Like their British counterparts, players cannot leave their clubs unless the club decides they can go, or agree to sell them. The League claims that they are "free" at thirty-five which is true, as the players say "free to return to amateur soccer".

The League Cup, nine regional groups of four clubs each, has given each club in the top two divisions six extra fixtures, extra headaches and very little cash. The gates have been worse than the average for league games despite the "local derby" atmosphere and the only people to make money from gates of less than 1,000 (which have been common) is the league who get a percentage of all gates. Presumably that's why they like the League Cup idea.

Few others share this view, however—as one critic put it—"the series is hopeless—just like the English League Cup".

BRAZIL

NEXT year Rio de Janeiro plans a smaller more competitive (and therefore better) League with only eight clubs participating. Six of the places will go automatically to those finishing highest in the current campaign. Three names can be noted almost at once, Fluminense, Flamengo and Botafogo. Flamengo still retain Flavio Costa as their guide—the man in charge of the unsuccessful World Cup bids of 1950 and 1954. Fluminense, however, had to make a change when their coach, Zeze Moreira, joined Internacional (Uruguay) and chose an old friend—Fleitas Solich, Paraguayan-born, and once (before Munoz) boss of Real Madrid.

In Sao Paulo, reconstruction of the top-heavy twenty club league has been shelved while Santos F.C. and Pelé are being toppled from their pedestals. Beaten 3-1 by Sao Paulo (Pelé and Coutinho were sent off), Santos had only seven men when the referee abandoned the game. One other player was injured, while two others walked off in protest! Now the Santistas are demanding that Pelé be suspended — the more irate fans calling for his transfer. He won't come to Europe, however, say the CBD—and that means he'll go to Botafogo for no other club in Brazil can afford to pay the fee Santos will demand.

Garrincha is also out of favour, and almost forgotten, after three months in which he's rarely been seen in action. New right-wing star for Botafogo is nineteen-year-old Jair, "nearly" as good as Garrincha '62 and a certainty for the 1966 World Cup according to his fans.

SOUTH AFRICAN SCENE

● *Continued from page 11*

down the middle, they began to contain this superb forward line. Kidd and Williams put the tabs on lively Ribiera and Esparrago, the wings. The cut and thrust of inside-forward trio, Cortes, Silva and Pintos, could make little headway against the stout City defence in which Dennyschen turned in a brilliant display.

The City forward line then got weaving. Bobby Chalmers revelled in his new role as centre-forward. After ten minutes he went through but lifted his shot just over. Acuna in goal came in for a testing time. Then it was Chalmers through on Weir's pass and his shot rasped Acuna's hand before lashing the net. For the remaining twenty minutes, City piled on the pressure but just could not get the equaliser.

Cape Town City again provided the majority of the Western Province side for the game at Hartlevale. A good crowd of 10,000 saw the locals dominate the first half and take the lead just before the recess when Jose de Nobrega rose high to nod home Taylor's corner kick. Cerro took command in the second half. After only a minute, Pintos levelled and then went on to have a field night, netting all his side's goals in a 4-1 win.

South Africa selected a strong side for the "Test" in Johannesburg. Ken Dennyschen, magnificent strong man in the Durban City defence, moved into the middle to replace an injured Jacobitz and Wiggill of Highlands Park and Neal won their first caps.

The sides were:

South Africa: Gething (Arcadia United); Williams (Durban City), Wiggill (Highlands Park); Hauser (Addington), Dennyschen (Durban City, capt.), Kalk (Southern Suburbs); Le Roux (Durban United), Wentzel (Addington), Salton (Durban United), Petersen (Durban United), Neal (Highlands Park).

Cerro: Acuna; Kalik, Idel; Benitez, Pereira, Soria (capt.); Ribiera, Cortes, Silva, Pintos, Esparragga.

Internationals in the Cerro line-up were: Acuna, Kalik, Idel, Benitez, Pereira, Cortes, Silva and Pintos. So it was very nearly a Uruguay v. South Africa international.

Cerro made a sparkling start. Ribiera beat Wiggill again and again with his brilliant turn of speed and Dennyschen had his work cut out to cover up the middle. Cerro set the crowd roaring with their deft touches and ball-play. South Africa had their moments, Salton, Hauser and Petersen all coming close. Petersen turned in a great display, setting the attack going every time he got possession. Gething was again busy. He stopped what looked an imminent goal from Ribiera but after twenty minutes Cortes shot into the corner with the goal-mouth packed to give Cerro the lead.

South Africa seemed to take the whip hand after that. Acuna brought off three fantastic saves in a matter of minutes as Salton and Wentzel let rip from far out.

Coming out after the interval, the South Africans showed they meant business. Hauser, Dennyschen and Kalk tackled tenaciously and slowly the match swung their way. Calling the tune from the half-back line, Petersen engineered many a chance for his co-forwards. Vernon Wentzel was the doyen of the crowd with a fine opportunist goal after only eight minutes. Carrying all before them, South Africa came back again and again. Seven minutes later Le Roux's low drive for the corner left Acuna grasping and the Springboks were ahead. They came within a whisker of another when Petersen, with only Acuna to beat from ten yards, shot over. It was roaring stuff, and the crowd loved it. Then, twenty-two minutes after half-time, Hauser was injured. Davies deputised but the cohesion was gone.

Steadily, Cerro came back into the picture, and with just two minutes to go, Cortes scored one of the most brilliant goals yet seen at the Rand Stadium. So there it ended, a fine 2-2 draw that left everyone — players and public — gasping.

Cerro wound up their tour with a match in Salisbury against Southern Rhodesia. After a goal-less first half, Cerro opened with Pereira scoring from a free kick. Cortes and Pintos added further to the tally to wind up a great tour.

Now the N.F.L. and the F.A.S.A. are looking to the future. Two tours are to be arranged for each year. Arsenal and Eintracht Frankfurt are being sought for next year and the full West German international side for 1965.

An item in the Highlands Park programme seemed to sum up most feelings. "We are pleased to see that Durban City have accepted the invitation to play Cerro. We would have liked to have a go ourselves but as this is not possible, we wish our league mates the best of luck. Come now, Mr. Grainger, give us a crack at Real Madrid next year!"

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—George Raynor, one-time manager of Lazio, in *Football Ambassador at Large.*

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—Trevor Ford, one-time Welsh international centre-forward, in his autobiography, *I Lead the Attack.*

KEEPING SOCCER'S HOUSE IN ORDER

Investigation by ROGER MACDONALD

TWO stories of bribery, one widely accepted, the other hotly disputed. Raynor's account tallies with reports from other Italian sources; for refusing to substantiate his allegations, Ford was suspended by the Football League. True, half-true, or false, the smell of corruption is everywhere. There have been allegations or convictions of bribery in England, Scotland, Italy, France, Spain, Bulgaria, Argentina, Poland, Greece, and West Germany. True, in some instances, Scotland and Spain for example, bribery is past rather than present history—according to the Scottish F.A. the last case of life suspension (allegedly of two Glasgow players) occurred before the war. Elsewhere, however, cases are unpleasantly fresh in one's memory, and they are by no means restricted to the capitalist world. A few seasons ago an entire Polish club was suspended for attempting to "fix" a series of promotion battles, while in 1958 twenty Rumanian sports stars were suspended *sine die* for "using their abilities to reap personal gain", including several members of Bucharest Dynamo who had been "tampering with results". But let us look at a few countries a little more closely.

Italy

Italy is traditionally the centre of bribery and she has done nothing in recent years to promote a change in her reputation. As far back as the 1930s one can recall a scandal involving a Juventus full-back, Allemandi, and a Torino director. Allemandi was offered just under £550 to play badly against Torino, and he was silly enough to accept the money even without honouring (if that is the right word) its obligations. He played well, even stopping a certain goal on the line, but when the story came out he received a life suspension. There were rumours and counter-rumours of other players involved, as Juventus were surprisingly beaten. In due course the Italian F.A. relented, and Allemandi was reinstated ... to captain Italy in the 1934 World Cup.

In more recent times many more positive cases have been established. In 1954-55 Udinese had their best season in years and finished second in Division I. Their success was partly explained a few weeks later when they were found guilty of buying one match (other cases were not proved). They were relegated to Division II and never really recovered from this disaster.

In March 1958 Gianni Azzuri, Padua's international centre-half, was suspended for life and Atalanta relegated to Division Two following a conviction of bribery. Sampdoria, an interested party in the struggle to avoid relegation, had accused Atalanta after their shock 3-0 win at Padua.

Verona, the bottom club, played home and away games with Bari, who finished second in Division Two. Bari eventually took Atalanta's place and it was not long before they, too, fighting to avoid relegation, tried to bribe their way out of trouble. Towards the end of 1961 they were caught in the act, automatically relegated and given a "deficit" of ten points for the following season to ensure that their immediate return would be impossible.

The 1957-58 season probably saw the worst outbreak of bribery in the history of the Italian League, when between seven and twelve matches are thought to have been "fixed". Sampdoria president, Alberto Ravano, retiring at the end of the season, claimed to have been approached three times to fix matches. Achille Lauro, millionaire president of Naples F.C. and highly unpopular mayor of Naples, went so far as to suggest that he had not only been approached.... When Sampdoria won 1-0 at Naples Lauro fined his players for a "*deliberately* poor performance".

This year Naples, narrowly avoiding relegation, have once again figured in allegations of corruption. But the Italian F.A. have a much more delicate situation on their hands involving referee Lo Bello and the president of Cosenza F.C. Bari are once again the common denominator, being accused by referee and president of bribing the official to "swing" the match in their favour. The only trouble is, Cosenza claim that Lo Bello accepted the bribe before reporting the matter....

Bulgaria

Here, in 1962, came a case which makes the Cosenza–Bari affair seem like child's play. Even Italian audacity stops short of the entire misappropriation of official funds to secure promotion! After a long government enquiry, twice suspended through lack of evidence, the Rakowski F.C. of Dimitrovgrad were found guilty of bribing a referee to ensure victory in a promotion battle during 1961-62. They were also convicted of using public money to buy players; to pay bonuses to players; and to subsidise support at away matches. The mayor, the chief of police, the chief of the fire-brigade, the town surveyor and other leading officials have all been fined, while others have gone to jail. Rakowski F.C. are back in the Second Division and Dimitrovgrad is in disgrace.

France

From Bulgaria's arch-enemy on the football field comes yet another juicy story of corruption—and this one reads more like a spy-thriller. A few seasons ago the Parisian club, Red Star, was found guilty of attempting to affect the result of several vital League matches by offering bribes to players and officials. They were disqualified from the competition, and therefore forfeited their right to promotion—they had finished first in Division II. The French League suspended the club president, M. Zebati, for three years, and trainer-manager C. Nicholas for life. Several other officials received short periods of suspension or were fined.

When the new season began, Red Star were back in their place in the Second Division; officially they had a new Committee, but in actual fact there was no change at all. The suspended officials remained in control, with others, ostensibly their replacements, as "stooges". The French League were apparently oblivious to this contemptuous breach of their ruling, although the true situation was known in some football circles.

In 1959-60 the existence of corruption was once again revealed when the Nantes goalkeeper, Somlay, pretended to accept a bribe from a Red Star official, but reported the facts to the French League. An enquiry was instituted, and although several allegations against Red Star were quickly substantiated, no statement had been issued when the season ended. The enquiry had been kept so secret that for several weeks Red Star enjoyed large attendances at their League matches, and on May 29, 1960, 17,000 fans tensely watched the game against Troyes, which they believed was decisive for promotion to Division I. They learned six weeks later that they had been watching the game under a misapprehension, for if Red Star had won, they would have been immediately disqualified. But naturally no one suggested refunding the spectators' money.

The true situation was revealed by a Paris newspaper, which accompanied its "revelations" with photographs of Nicholas instructing the Red

● *Continued on page 38*

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ENGLISH REVIEW

NEW TERM BRINGS ITS OLD PROBLEMS

The English League programme is almost a quarter towards actual completion

by LESLIE PAGE

THE opening month of the English League season is something of a comfort. At least I know where I am. There is no need to pretend any longer. The waiting around for the sun to shine and the wicket to be mopped dry, watching dictatorial court officials imperiously stop tennis matches with a wave of the hand and a vast rolling of tarpaulins all becomes a thing of the past until another eight months of football has amazed and annoyed us and then moved on into the record books.

Autumn is autumn, summer sports hang on by the slenderest threads pushed aside brusquely as the soccer players and their supporters thunder towards the weekly spectacles refreshed by a summer break. Holiday sights and sounds are put into the background as soccermen mostly perform in the manner expected of them despite the pre-season promises. But there is safety and security in the things we know. The rain streams down, the patient work of the groundsmen during the summer is reduced to a Flanders battlefield and summer forecasting makes fools of those anxious to sing in the dark rather than base hopes for the future on sound reasoning and unequalled knowledge.

One tended to feel the start of the 1963-64 English League campaign looked almost like a continuation of the session ended belatedly in May. Hatchets poised over teams carrying the "Indian sign" began the slow downward sweep once more and the experts early put their noses into the wind to pick up the whiffs of rumour and intrigue on which the game abounds.

The sadness surrounding the F.A. Commission's investigations into the allegations of bribery against a number of players, ran deeper than some people imagined. The thought that matches were not decided by the run of the ball pained the true sporting enthusiast and smacked of something out of schoolboy fiction thirty years ago. Fortunately the explosive nature of the affair suggested by some newspapers did not bubble for long and it was notable that many leading correspondents made no reference to the matter at all. For many, the incidents were best forgotten with the hope that the severity of the punishments would deter further interference by those unable to grasp the fact that a true sporting instinct is the first essential for anyone even remotely connected with the game.

Strange

The transfer scene had remained strangely quiet up to the early weeks of August. In the Third and Fourth Divisions the usual reshuffle of players took place making up the bulk of the nearly one hundred and fifty club exchanges but the larger clubs all reported they were "interested" and "angling" for certain men without being too specific about their requirements or intentions. Before the big kick-off, however, many hundreds of thousands of pounds changed hands despite the Wilberforce mid-summer ruling in the High Court that the retain and transfer system is illegal. Clubs are aware that next June when players' contracts expire players are free to move to any club they wish without permission. That is the position as it stands today but doubtless by the middle of next year new arrangements will have been settled by the F.A. and the League.

Manchester City demoted last season from Division One figured prominently in the high priced general post. Alex Harley, who arrived with them only last season, moved on to Birmingham, and Peter Dobing, once well on the way to full England honours, joined an increasingly star-studded combination at Stoke sailing along on a wave of fortified experience. After only seven games with Chelsea's senior side, Derek Kevan, a controversial Tommy Docherty signing towards the end of last season, decided to throw in his lot with George Poyser, the new Manchester City manager. The total monies involved in that switch around were well over the hundred thousand pounds mark.

Most expected transfer was that of Ian Ure, the current Scotland centre-half, and he duly became the highest priced number five in the business when Billy Wright placed his name on Arsenal's books. Ure found it harder to settle down than he had imagined, making a similar statement to the majority of Scottish migrants when they move South that English soccer is faster and more demanding than its counterpart across the border. It was perhaps a pity that Highbury's less discerning fans failed to note Ure's potential in his early matches, making the transformation for him rather more difficult than it might otherwise have been.

Those looking for an Arsenal revival were surprised to hear Billy Wright's comments on his side after the first game but inside a week anger turned to sympathy as goalkeeper Jack McClelland was helped from the field with a broken collar bone and faced upwards of six weeks out of action. All through these tribulations the energetic, darting George Eastham plated the gold a little thicker on his ever growing reputation for work and leadership.

Enjoyed

Inside-forwards, in fact, as one expects, were much in the public eye. On the banks of the Thames at Craven Cottage, Fulham faced up once more to the drudge of patching up their injured and sick players. But at least the side rejoiced as Johnny Haynes started to play himself back into something like the form he enjoyed before his car crash last year. Some of the touches that once marked him down as one of the world's leading soccermen were again in evidence and Alf Ramsey's notebook is poised to record his availability for the England side.

Experience

Possibly Fulham believe the luck evens out. With Gibraltar-born Tony Macedo early on the injured list, they were able to call on the services of Dave Underwood, a 'keeper of considerable experience who, strangely enough, left Watford at the end of last season on a free transfer. Underwood may yet prove to be the bargain signing of the year.

No one would call Matt Busby a hard man but he died a thousand deaths as his Manchester United Cup winning side were reduced to shattered beings by League champions, Everton, in the eve-of-season Charity Shield game. Superb Everton toyed with United that day before the Goodison Park fans and Busby took immediate and drastic action for the opening League game by dropping three members of the Cup winning forward line and drafting in three youngsters Phil Chisnall, Ian Moir and David Sadler. Albert Quixall and Johnny Giles, two of the displaced men, spoke up for transfers and almost at the snap of the fingers Giles moved to Leeds United for £32,000.

Manchester United's recast combination faced the Champions just two weeks later at Old Trafford and enjoyed sweet revenge to the tune of 5-1, reminding Everton that their European Champions' Cup responsibilities cannot be taken lightly. The Continental style ball holding in defence which drew roars of applause fourteen days previously quickly came under fire as Everton's critics rushed forward with suggestions that success must be accepted with modesty and continually polished by still further success lest it be tarnished by arrogance.

Burnley's forthright Mr. Bob Lord sailed into action with a broadside against Chelsea whose return to Division One soccer was accompanied by a tight defensive plan relying on the breakaway for goals. This appeared to be something of an anomaly recalling the bounding Chelsea youngsters of last session, but certainly after an injury to Bobby Tambling, Chelsea back-pedalled at Turf Moor to raise Mr. Lord's hackles and start up a nation-wide argument on the pointlessness of negative play. Entertainment is out and tactics are in, went the cry much to the disappointment of all concerned with selling soccer as a virile, lively affair. Goal-scoring, the pundits had it, was on its way out and few enough goals are seen now without the introduction of defensive walls, continued the tirade.

Away went the statisticians to their books and slide rules to prove that the number of goals scored per match on average had changed only fractionally in the last ten years. The English League suddenly felt reprieved but the smear of obstructionalist soccer remained at a time when frontal attack was preached endlessly and, occasionally, without regard to the conditions pertaining.

As the season started, England team manager, Ramsey, announced his intention to operate the 4-2-4 formation and it was mostly agreed that the players available to the national side would be best employed in this way, although Ramsey's statement that he would not slavishly adhere to any particular plan was received with approbation. Immediately following this news a number of club managers, possibly coincidentally, also indicated they, too, subscribed to 4-2-4 and notable amongst these was Spurs' Billy Nicholson.

Practical

Nicholson had his reasons, he said, and rapidly explained that Danny Blanchflower was no longer a strippling able to cover the ground as in days of yore and it now appeared practical to use his talents in his last seasons as a more defensive wing-half. Blanchflower himself was in a position to amplify his chief's comments without explaining how a player whose reputation was based on creating goal-scoring opportunities immediately changed his spots to those of a hard tackling, cut and thrust merchant. Those with their ears close to the ground, however, felt that neither Mr. Nicholson or the irrepressible Blanchflower meant quite what they said and reserved judgement until some months of the new season had passed.

Exuberance and good spirit will always get soccer teams much further ahead than all the cajoling and threats in the world and newly promoted Northampton Town and Swindon Town made the right type of impression as they opened their campaigns in Division Two for the first time. Northampton faced their new experience without the guidance of Dave Bowen, the former Arsenal wing-half, who had contributed so much to their Division Three Championship season. Bowen, despite the pleas of club directors, decided to take a rest from soccer but his former charges showed they were not in the mood for intimidation as they faced some of the one time giants who now linger outside the premier section.

The carefree young men from Bert Head's stable at Swindon appeared equally at home in their early matches and were always prepared to give sides with bigger reputations more than a run for their money. Those constantly advocating enthusiasm and new blood had much to support the theme as more elderly members of Division Two faced the wrath of supporters and endured the indignities associated with the slow hand clap.

Charlton Athletic who have tottered on the brink of relegation for two seasons at last gave way to Chelsea's persuasiveness

● *Continued on page 39*

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KEEPING SOCCER'S HOUSE IN ORDER—*from page 35*

Star players in secret. These photographs, taken with a telephoto lens, provoked a furious outcry; the League's only defence was a claim to have kept silent "to continue enquiries"—which, needless to say, scarcely satisfied the spectators who had paid to see what they thought was a vital struggle for promotion.

A few days later, over three months after Somlay had reported the attempted bribery, the French League suspended president Zenati and treasurer Rafaillac *sine die*, and demanded that a new Committee be set up to run the club. The only alternative, they warned, was Red Star's expulsion from the League. A new Committee was organised, but on August 5 the League refused to recognise it, as it was all too obviously another body of "stooges". After considerable hesitation, a special meeting was held on August 16, less than a week before the start of the new season, and Red Star were excluded from the competition.

So at last the French League took action, but the statement issued after their enquiry, which had dragged on for nearly four months, was most unsatisfactory. The League refused to disclose the names of officials and players involved in the bribery, and also failed to press the Red Star president, Zenati, to explain what he meant when he said: "Threats of revelations (presumably of his part in other corrupt dealings) forced me to go as far as I did." Was it because these "revelations" incriminated other clubs guilty of similar offences, and that corruption was so widespread that the authorities were afraid to act? Whatever the reason, the smear on French football remains. The re-election of Red Star, even with a completely new Committee, after one season in the wilderness, has shaken confidence in the Association still further.

Greece

In Greece, too, one wonders whether it is the sheer volume of corruption which has frightened the authorities. One fears so, if the events of the last two seasons are any indication of the normal state of affairs. It proved so difficult to obtain an honest referee for the A.E.K.–Panathinaikos clash in 1962 that a German referee was flown in from abroad. This season, when Panathinaikos defeated A.E.K. 2-0 in an equally vital Championship battle, it was widely rumoured and supposed that two A.E.K. players, wing-halves Petridis and Skerofilax, were bribed by Panathinaikos to play badly. A.E.K. suspended both players and when they sat on the trainer's bench at the next home match they were booed by the A.E.K. fans, and the whole stadium was in an uproar. Greek journalists openly confess that bribery is common, and that the results of many matches are artificial. But, as they say, probabilities are not proof, and proof is sadly lacking.

Belgium

"Of course it could never happen in Belgium." That is what a supporter of Anderlecht said to me when the English inquiries began in 1960. Little did he know that within months the Belgian F.A. would be investigating three allegations of attempted bribery in League matches, and that in 1963 a major case of bribery would be substantiated. The club concerned is Waterschei, relegated from Division One in 1961-62, promoted to Division One in 1962-63 ... on paper. Unfortunately their negotiations to fix a promotion match with Tilleur on May 26 came to light when the manager of their overnight hotel heard their conversation with one of the opposing players. The player in question was full-back Niessen, formerly and significantly with the Waterschei club. For him it has meant suspension: for Waterschei further relegation to Division III. It is an unenviable record to descend two Divisions in the space of a single day.

England

Last, but not least, we have the Football League. No reader, home or abroad, can fail to be familiar with the 1962-63 sensation that has resulted in four players being fined and suspended *sine die*. Rumours have been rife about other matches. The allegations of Trevor Ford, Len Shackleton and others have not helped matters, although it is perhaps the length of time since the last conviction that has rendered the recent case so sensational.

Sir Stanley Rous said in 1949 to the Royal Commission on Betting that there has been only one case of a player receiving money from a bookmaker to share among the teams if a certain match was "fixed". Not since the first World War had arrests been made. In 1913 J. Pennington, W.B.A. captain, was offered £55 for his team if they failed to beat Everton on November 29. As it happened the match was drawn, but Pennington had reported the offer, and when the man tried to hand over the money he was arrested. He received a six month sentence. Two years later the F.A. permanently suspended eight players who had taken part in a Division One match between Manchester United and Liverpool—all were found guilty of accepting money to "bend" the result.

Of course the burning question is the extent of corruption. But the frequent scandals abroad in recent years indicate that the authorities are becoming a little more vigilant.

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BOOK REVIEWS

SOCCER FOR SCHOOLBOYS by Johnny Haynes (Pelham Books, 15s.).

WHO better to show the youngsters how to play the game than former England Schoolboy International star Johnny Haynes, who later progressed to captain his country as a fully-fledged international on many occasions?

Haynes's own career began with Edmonton and London schoolboys and took him to Fulham, his only professional club. During his decade or so as a top class player, he has gained immense experience all over the world and it would be difficult indeed to think of any other contemporary of his who could instruct the enthusiastic but perhaps rough-edged youth with greater authority.

Haynes explains all the finer points of the game with the aid of illustrations and the easy to read style will be of considerable benefit to the learner.

AGILITY FITNESS—A Revolutionary Method of Physical Training by Bill Watson (Stanley Paul, 21s.).

BILL Watson's own story is in itself a remarkable one. From a seventeen-year-old who was easily and often pushed around he became interested in physical culture, surmounted the bitter disappointment of being invalided out of the army after having both feet crushed between a military truck and a brick wall, and by 1948 was representing Great Britain in the Olympic Games as a weight-lifter.

ENGLISH REVIEW by Leslie Page

—from page 37

and allowed Marvin Hinton, a much fancied centre-half prospect to migrate to the west side of London town, leaving manager Frank Hill to face the wrath and indignation of Valley supporters who have not seen the sun very often these past few years. Hill, in fact, faced a hat full of trouble and publicly lashed his players for lack of effort as they stumbled to yet another indifferent display. Charlton players were reported to be dissatisfied with the club's financial offers for the season, although the club maintain they are doing the best they can on limited gates and a poor match record.

Jimmy Hill's men at Coventry, who made a great, late run for Third Division honours last season, were predictably away to a flying start and must carry most of the money when it comes to searching for a winner in the 1963-64 set-up. Not far out of the race, I fancy, will be Bournemouth and I still have more than a sneaking regard for Peterborough especially with the bounding Derek Dougan, the former Aston Villa centre-forward, now gracing their front line.

Unpleasantness soon made itself felt on some grounds and the warnings by the Football League appear to fall on deaf ears. What is more to the point when opportunities do arise for direct action they are frittered away. A young man threatened referee Mr. J. L. Loynton at Selhurst Park and was chased out of the ground by a policeman. When the youth was caught he was subjected to a finger wagging and a ticking off. To my mind this did not go far enough. People who infringe the right of League clubs, and those charging across pitches are doing just this, either in anger or delight, must understand the moments for this type of demonstration are limited. When threats are made or uttered to officials or players, the individual deserves more than a "wigging".

Unless police or clubs take firm action the demonstrators will take over from the performers. Anarchy, in a word, is just around the corner. If an example were made of a few malcontents, notably those who threaten officials, some of the trouble might be nipped in the bud.

With gambling in sport so often roundly abused and sometimes not without justification, it is interesting to note the new mode of approach adopted by one pools promoter advertising in a "top" Sunday newspaper. They suggest that the filling-in of a weekly coupon is not gambling or betting at all. Nothing more nor less than a jolly good investment which no respecting top citizen should miss if he wishes to be in the swim.

I suppose it is all reasonable. If the managing director can lift up his phone and talk to his stockbroker there is no reason why employees should not take time off to fill in their soccer forecasts.

At least the pools people are creating a new image. Threatening to knock off the referee's block will get us nowhere.

Edited by LESLIE PAGE

From the early realisation that even weight-lifters could develop the speed and physique of sprinters, Watson decided to present footballers and other sportsmen with a new approach to training.

Bill Watson has now perfected his techniques to a fine art. Many people have much to thank him for; many more will doubtless reap untold benefit from reading this extremely polished, comprehensive and readable book. **M.R.**

SOCCER by Jimmy Greaves (Pelham Books, 13s. 6d.).

GREAVES always takes a very personal view of the game and because of this his book is lively and full of interest. Primarily an instructional publication there is a great deal that is personal opinion and the book is none the worse for that. Many of the young people who write to us for advice when forming soccer teams will find invaluable information and help in these pages.

Greaves tells us that he is surprised we find any players of international level at all in England because of our haphazard training and selection methods. The recent announcement by Alf Ramsey and the Football Association promising an improvement is quite obviously not before time.

The book helps us all to understand the game a little better and I can think of few young enthusiasts who will not thumb its pages time and again with avid interest.

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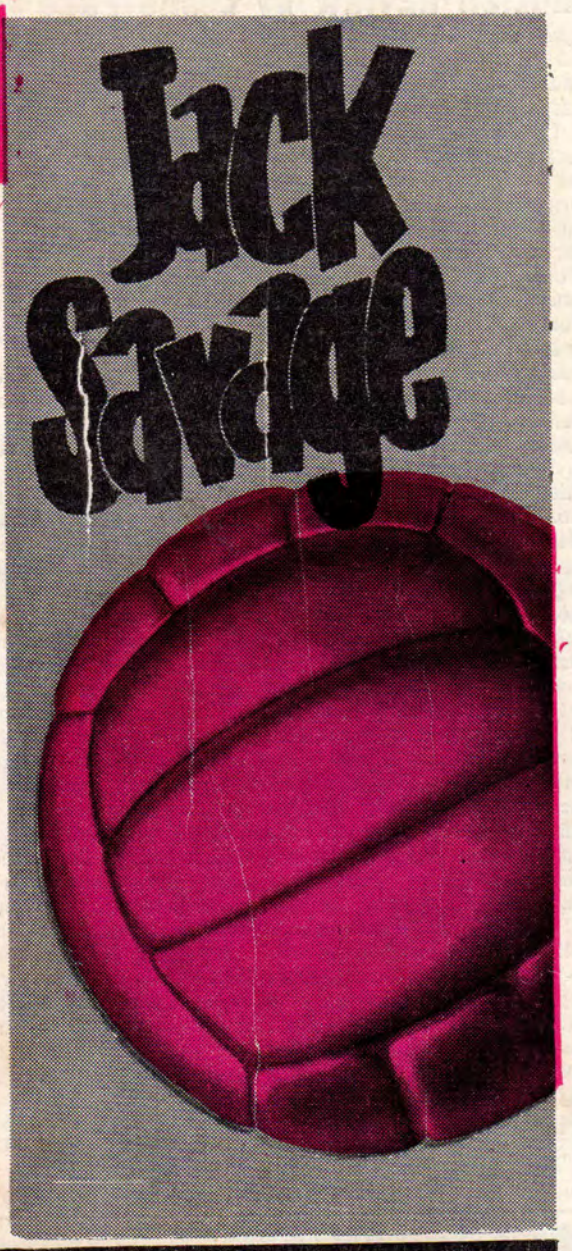

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